

the innis herald

innis college - university of toronto

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bring
out
the
art

the innis herald

editorial

Moumita Saha
Editor-in-Chief

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
TO JANEL YU,
INNIS HERALD
LAYOUT EDITOR!!!



February 2001
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Opinion
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Arts & Lit
Jaime Woo

Graphics and Layout
Janel Yu

It was about time we brought out the arts! After omitting the Arts & Lit section in our December issue, we thought it was time the Innis Herald did an expose on all the creativity we have around us. It ain't exactly the rebirth of slick but we've got some good stuff to impress you with. We've got some quality photography, interesting poetry and prose, as well as some art done by students. Do take the time to look at the work done by our contributors.

I'd like to welcome Jaime Woo to our editorial "staff". He's going to make sure that the artsy material gets the coverage it deserves in our pages. Thanks are in order to all the new contributors we've had this issue. We really needed your fresh material! As always, I encourage all of you to give us your writing, art and pictures to make our upcoming issues more interesting. Just get in touch with us by emailing us at innis_herald@hotmail.com or feel free to approach Saena or myself.

Also, since I've found myself engulfed in the theme of gratitude, I'd like to take this time and space to yell out my thanks to those who earned it. In these busy, busy times, it's hard to keep your priorities in check and make the effort to see how those around you are doing. So, this is why I'm even more appreciative of all and any acts done simply for the sake of niceness and humanity. It's nice to know that someone's got your back, no matter how tough you think you are. Mad props to those who always stand by their friends, through thick and thin, no matter what's going down. Thanx.

Saena Cha
Editor-in-Chief

It's 2001, and as Moumita said: we brought out the arts! I hope you all enjoy the more "right-brained" issue of the Innis Herald. I'd also like to say a special thank you to Janel Yu, who diligently put layed out most of this issue. It looks easy, but let me tell you it takes a lot of time.

I see that some of you made a New Year's Resolution to contribute to the Herald. I'm glad because I know there are so many talented Innis students with lots to offer. It is nice to see some new names on print.

I'm going to take the remainder of this issue's editorial to tell you my resolution for 2001. To be honest, midnight came and went...and I still had not thought of a resolution. I could have chosen from any of the following: to stop biting my nails, to exercise more or at least start to exersices, to study more, to not skip a lecture, to be nice to everyone...this list is really endless. This year, I chose something that will stick. I decided to be happy for what I have and not dwell on the past. But I gave myself a little lee-way so I could still keep a few grudges here and there. After all, I'm only human. I realize it sounds pretty vague, only because it is. Let me clarify, in the past 19 years I developed that nasty little habit of analyzing and overthinking every detail in my life. I'm happy to say, that's over. Life is so much easier (and you break out less and sleep more) when you're thankful for what you have. My father once told me for every happy moment in my life, I'll probably have one hundred sad ones. My first thought-what the *\$*\$? But he's right. He said to always smile and do everything you wanted to do, when you wanted to do it. The underlying lesson is you have take every opportunity you're given to have fun and live life. Just remember that little phrase you learned way back when during some boring history or humanities class: *carpe diem!* Enjoy the issue and I hope you have all bought your tickets for the annual Innis College Formal...party!

about the innis herald:

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The paper is published at the beginning of each month by Centra Web Reproductions. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We like to reserve letters to the editor (in our case, editors) or just plain comments both praising and criticizing the issue in general, or any specific articles contained within the paper. We reserve the right to edit any submissions containing sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous or just plain dumb content, in consultation with the editor. All submissions (writing and artwork) must be accompanied by author's real name and telephone number. Upon request, however, articles may be published under a pseudonym. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald are attributable only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of the Innis Herald, its' staff, or Innis College.

Please deliver or mail submissions and letters to the Editors (myself or Moumita) in room 108 or leave them in the Herald mailbox at Innis College. We would prefer you email: innis_herald@hotmail.com.

- Saena Cha (by semi-plagerizing Sav's-a.k.a. *fresh brown jive*-memo in the September 1999 issue)

The Sports Insider

By Mohamad El-Sadek

The sports world is a fascinating realm of statistics, hotshots, athleticism and sportsmanship. From Tennis to Basketball to Soccer, sports journalism is an exciting field that I particularly find enjoyment in pursuing. That's why I am writing this article (duh)! This is the first article I'm writing for any kind of newspaper, and I hope the reader finds reading it enjoyable. I will try to add my own commentary on sport matters, just to keep the reader from falling asleep because of the boring statistics and unpalatable literature. I will try to touch on the most important issues of the major sports, such as hockey, basketball, football and the like. If you would like me to write about other sports, please feel free to send any comments to my e-mail, listed at the bottom of the article. Let's get started...

NHL

Obviously, the most eye-catching story here was the return of Mario Lemieux on Dec. 27 against the Toronto Maple Leafs. This 36-year-old scoring machine has 28 points in 14 games since returning to the Pittsburgh Penguins, including a 9 game point streak and a hat trick! Don't be surprised if he gets the nod for the All-Star game in Colorado on Feb. 4, because he just did by playing only 9 games. Of course with his return, the play of Jaromir Jagr has improved dramatically after going through a 14 game slump where he couldn't muster a goal. Expect the Pittsburgh Penguins to become a Stanley Cup contender. Does 1992 ring a bell? Well, this time around it probably will be with Jagr.

Mario Lemieux returned to the limelight after a 2-1/2 year absence from the game, where he spent it directing the business end of the Penguins after their near-bankruptcy during the 1998-1999 playoffs. His return to the coolest game on earth is marked as one of the most remarkable comebacks in history. With a career average of 2.03 points per game, and a current average of 2 points per game, it is scary to imagine his productivity during the playoffs...old dogs still know their old tricks...

In other news, the All-Stars game on Feb. 4 will be held in the Pepsi Center in Colorado (home of the Avalanche). As with the previous 4 years, it will be the North American All-Stars versus the rest of the world. Among the notables on the North American roster are: Sakic (the most consistent player I have ever seen), Paul Kariya (the most over-estimated player in the league),

Theo Fleury (the comeback kid of the year), Ray Bourque (why not, they did it for 18 straight years, even when his play was worse than that of Sylvain Lefebvre), and Patrick Roy (Still going and going...). For the World All Stars, their key picks included Evgeni Nabokov (my pick for Calder trophy), Jaromir Jagr (no surprise there), Markus Naslund (surprise player of the year), Marian Hossa (became a better player after knocking out Berard's eye), and Pavel Bure (sorry, your brother isn't here this year). What really shocked me was that only one Toronto player was picked to the All-Star game, and that was Mats Sundin. Did I miss something? There is a guy by the name of Cujjo who has a 2.15 GAA, .915 save percentage, and 5 shutouts... anybody heard of him? Other than Patrick Roy, Curtis Joseph should've gotten the nod over Brodeur and Burke. Another surprise non-pick was Mike Modano, who is an absolutely tremendous performer and scorer, but I guess the fans forgot who he was.

Overall, not the best of All-Star selections, and I believe that the NHL scouts and NHLPA should choose who goes to the All-Star game, because untalented players are getting the ice time other great players should.

NBA

Anyone hear about the Lakers lately? I thought so. This once legendary team known for their Abdul-Jabbar and Magic Johnson is now a shambles, but not many know why. The team that could buy any player in the league and won the championship in 2000 is in severe disarray. We can all point the fingers to Kobe Bryant and Shaq for the Laker's 27-14 record. These two have been having a feud for a while, where Shaq blames Bryant for being selfish and a hog, while Bryant blames Shaq for being a show off. Obviously, this ridiculous mentality is tearing the team apart. The Lakers are not even close to being the best team in the league, not by a long shot. However, both players asked for a trade recently, but it is highly unlikely that they will - huge salaries are at stake. So, the apparent solution is to let them play along, act as if nothing is happening, and wish for the best. My guess is that if they don't get past the first round, something terrible will happen.

On a different note, the All-Star game is approaching upon us in the MCI Center (home of the lowly Wizards), and for the second year in a row, In-Vincible Carter is the leading vote getter. He received 1.7 million votes, about 200 thousand more votes than Shaq, who is the leading vote getter in the Western Conference. Carter, who averages 28.4 points per game (3rd in the league), will bypass the Slam Dunk competition, which makes the competition virtually



pointless, since Bryant and McGrady also won't participate. Other notables in the All-Star selection are Allan Iverson (deserves it for his play, not his album), Chris Webber (surprise of the year, although he was expected to play this well), Shaq (still a 25% free throw shooter), Tracy McGrady (has to pick up the slack after Hill's injury), and Latrell Sprewell (got his act together finally...and his scoring). What made me upset was that Jerry Stackhouse wasn't chosen for the All-Star game. It makes

no sense that the leading scorer in the league with 30 PPG isn't picked at all. Life isn't fair...

Finally, some tidbits from other sports... Capriati finally wins a championship (the Australian Open), and it was over Hings of all tennis players... Tiger Woods is a human again, first time in 50 rounds where he shoots over par... Keep it real.

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SETTING GOALS

How long can I keep it? How many more chances will I have to accomplish what I haven't, mostly to take my team to the World Series, make the catch, hit the game winner that wraps it up? Some may want it as much as I. No one wants it more
 - Dave Winfield, major League Baseball Player

Here's a question for you to ponder:

Do you have a deep desire to achieve something? To go the distance just to get what you so desperately want with all your heart? To be that which you know you are to be?

(Okay, maybe not just one question but a couple.)
 (That deep desire inside of you. That longing for something that, at the moment, seems out of reach, everyone has it.

Is there a certain goal you want to achieve? (There should be.) Well, we shall help you, if not provide a little more insight on achieving your goal and providing you will allow us to help you. Be it a rock star, basketball player, or zoo keeper, reach to achieve your goals as they are leading you somewhere

Incidentally, while on the topic of goals there are some things to remember:

There are two types of goals:

Short Term Goals: Goals such as making it through class without your chemistry teacher asking you for your homework or waking up at five to run around the block are short term goals. These are goals that are attainable within the near future. They are goals that you can work towards within a short period of time. These goals may be small but in essence they still count.

Long Term Goals: Goals such as going to college or being a rock star can be classified as long term goals. These are goals that need more time than short term goals but are just as important as ever. Long term goals need a bit more dedication and often motivation to keep going and sticking with our goal. Some things don't happen overnight; long term goals are one of them.

Goal setting can be a complicated thing if you do not know what you want. And if you don't get what you want, well, that can hurt too. A thing to keep in mind about goals is that you should be reasonable. Choose a goal which you feel you can achieve, nothing so outrageous that it will be impossible to achieve, but something that is within your reach, that you know you will achieve if you just stick with it and keep moving forward. Don't set yourself up for failure. That is the worst possible thing you can do to yourself. Be reasonable if you want to see results. Some things are meant for one person and other things are meant for you. We are all different - keep that in mind when choosing and achieving your goal. What may be good for one person to achieve may not be good for another. We are not saying "Don't even bother trying to achieve your goal because you don't have the talent or the ability to achieve it." No, no, NO! We are only reminding you that some goals are meant for some people to achieve while other goals are not meant for those people to achieve. By all means, go for

your goal. Work hard to achieve whatever you so desperately desire and we assure you that you will feel satisfaction and exhilaration when you achieve your goal.

Oh, wait. You haven't chosen your goal yet, or have you?

Okay, think hard now. Look deep inside yourself and ask:

What is that I want to achieve?

This may take a while for you to sort out through the many goals, take your time and don't rush it. Have it? Keep in mind what your goal is. Picture it, imagine it in full detail, experience how it will feel when you know you've achieved your goal, it is a nice feeling, if any, and don't fret as we will try to help you in whatever ways we can to achieve your goal.

Now that you have your goal, how do you go about achieving it? Do it like a baby. Take it one step at a time and eventually you will be so much closer to achieving your goal than ever before. Go about it not as though your life depended on it, but rather take it with open arms; have fun with it, play with it. If you act like you will die if you don't achieve your goal you will lose the magic or working towards your goal. All the excitement is gone because it is like you are working hard towards a deadline, you will feel pressured and that, our dear friend, is a surefire way of losing interest and enthusiasm for your goal. Bite off only as much as you can chew, and chew for a reasonable amount of time so that your stomach will be able to digest it (figure



Drawing by Reese Santos

plundered hearts

J. Woo

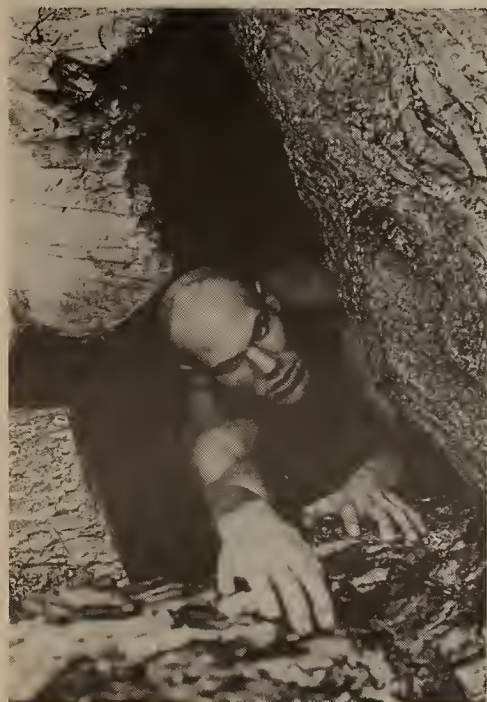
how can this be? the sparrow cried to the swan
the summer which seemed promising had turned cold
the night came to early, it overtook the weaker dawn
and a love story that could have blossomed 'ill be
never told

the swan let out an icy tear that seared its beak
it ducked its head under the water, let go its breath
the beloved foretold, the fate to be, has become bleak
the joy and spirit in the white bird drained and left

the crow had came and thief in the night snatched
the heart of the willow tree and in consequence
the sparrow lost its stock and those to be hatched
the sap drips down the willow, its lost innocence

fancy that the sparrow once told the flighty crow
carpe diem! to search for joy all in opiate naivete
only to be himself robbed of the gi to let roots grow
and to fall in gravity never to rise again, so in brevity

ends the tale of sparrow and swan, neither to live
abound
but to fall at the dead beautiful tree's trunk to predi-
cate
the hazards of not becoming sheep to their own sound
and declare the love of a thousand years two seconds
too late.



Picture by Will Sabado

arts and culture

THE GRAMMAR OF YOU

Zoe Kilmack

Sick of speaking
writing to myself
me myself I
in third person
"She"...

I like to dance
with I, I've I'm
Conjoined, spontaneous
in real reality now

me myself I
drink fruity lemonslices
in pretty jars
flirt in 1st person
with my canvas filled eyes, cheeks, lips...
Pouty and sultry...

me myself I
like flower dresses
that end where my legs begin
and windy summer evenings...ill lit cafes
and your eyes on my hemline

me myslef I
am sick of speaking to you in poetry
come here....
In 1st person only....



PROFANITY

Strawberry Shortcake

Swearing is part of the English language and has been since its emergence. Though its meaning and use has changed over the centuries, its effects have spanned the years. When thinking about profanities, words like "fuck" and "shit" come to mind. These are common swears but lead into the wide world of words that today's society use to put people down. Sitting down and writing out all the swear words leads one to a startling discovery: most swear words are directed to putting down the female sex.

What's this? In taking down a list of all the common, modern-day swear words, it can be seen how most words lean towards hurting women. For instance, take the word "bitch". This word derives from the definition of a female dog, but is now used to denote women with spiteful or unpleasant characteristics. Another word is "slut" or its synonym "whore". This word describes women of a promiscuous and slovenly nature. To get very crude, what

about the word "cunt" used to describe a stupid woman? Of course men would be eager to point out the words used to target men. Here are a few; "asshole", "son of a bitch", "bastard". Now take a close look at what each of these words really mean. "Son of a bitch", this is obviously targeting the woman who is a bitch and her son must take after her. "Bastard" means quite simply someone who was born of parents not married to one another, usually a mother. "Asshole" mocks the human excretory tract. Where is the justice?

There are many theories as to why this verbal misogyny exists. It can be supposed that in all ignorance, people have generally decided not to curb their profanities to fit twentieth century gender equality. Words like "bitch" are used playfully against men, but who are the jokes really targeting? If you tell a man, "You - like a girl!", who really gets hurt? Women are not the only ones who get hurt in this verbal slaughter, minorities are a favourite target as well. How often do people say: "Oh, that's so gay" or "You're a homo.". It's time to think before lashing out. Words like "fuck" and "shit", though offensive, are nice words that are good for everyone. It's time to be creative and start curses that include everybody! It's about fuckin' time!

Ode to the Sky

Sarah Burley

Utopia seems so far away,
a dream never to be discovered
yet to look at the sky
the subconscious soon becomes uncovered.
As clouds float by and take their shape,
a horse, a balloon, a face,
dreams become reality
and soon find their place.
Floating through the open air
up towards the moon.
Swimming through the milkyway
I'll reach the answer soon.
Stars burn bright, planets shine,
the sun fades away.
Out beyond the galaxy
we all have time to play.
As I wake from my slumber
underneath my tree
I realize my error
as it all comes back to me.
Dreams are our utopias
where colours meld and dance.
We would live in our utopias
if only we were given the chance.



Painting by Natasha Reid

BOOK REVIEWS

Sonia Vanderby

Books, books, books. How many does each of us read or pick up everyday? More than the average person, I'm sure. School demands that we do so, no matter what our major or program may be. In the midst of all the school assigned reading, some of us still find the time to read for the sheer pleasure of it. I think that reading for fun is a declining priority in most of our lives, so I thought I'd take this opportunity to share some of the novels I've personally enjoyed in the last month. I hope this inspires more of us to read for the sake of reading, to get lost in a good book, to learn something not demanded of us by our profs.

MICROSERFS

First, a couple of confessions: 1) I'm an engineer, I just happen to live in Innis Rex. 2) My boyfriend recommended this book to me; he's in computer science. So, while this book may not appeal to everyone, I happened to thoroughly enjoy Douglas Coupland's rants about technology, friends, relationships and life in general. The characters of this book are disgruntled Microsoft employees who decide to strike out on their own. While the book is centered around computer-based careers and situations, computers are not the focus, nor are humans' interaction with computers. It's about people. It starts by telling about a person who is so stressed out that he locks himself in his office and only obtains food by coworkers slipping it under his door. (Think processed cheese slices.) It ends with a family crisis. This book looks at relationships between men and women, men and their peers, fathers and sons, mothers and sons, women and their in-laws, as well as the relationships between fellow employees in both

DOUGLAS COUPLAND



large corporations and small start-up's.

This book struck me as an interesting, modern look into the interactions we have with the people around us and forces us to consider the question: As computers become more prominent in our society, does this change our basic needs and the requirements of human interactions?

GOOD OMENS

Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett combined forces to write an incredibly interesting, fast-paced, funny and thought-provoking novel. This novel is, simply put, about the end of the world. Now, even though the main characters of this novel are an angel and a demon, I don't care if you're religious or not, or what your religion is, this book is excellent. The angel and demon somehow don't agree with the roles they play. They tend to help each other, sympathize with each other, as well as drive each other nuts. If you've never read either of these authors, imagine the four horsemen of the apocalypse being three men, one woman, driving Harley's which happen to be able to fly over traffic jams, and you'll get a sense of their writing style. I don't know; any novel in which they demons manage to misplace the Antichrist as a baby, angels own bookstores, and demons get chased through telephone lines promises to be interesting. To be honest, I read it in one day, I couldn't put it down. However, it isn't all fun and games, it is also very thought provoking. It deals with religion, friendship, prejudices, and a slew of other themes; they just happen to be wrapped in an intriguing and entertaining novel, which was greatly enjoyed by everyone I know who has read it.



(continued from Page 4)

relatively speaking of course - actually, it works well in context as well so never mind..). Be dedicated toward achieving your goal, take it one step at a time and in due time you will find yourself where you want to be: at your goal.

From where I came from - a guy who couldn't run, throw and hit for power - to where I am today, it's been a long road and a real nice ride.

- Don Mattingly, Major League Baseball Player

At times, it can be frustrating and feel downright pointless but you just have to stick with your goal and keep moving forward. Yes, come rain, shine, tidal wave, whatever, it is vital that you stick with your goal. You took a sort of vow when you chose your goal (or more like you subconsciously took the vow but that isn't the point) now stick with it. Sure it may seem scary, it is a big change after all,

but if you want to see it through, see the result of you achieving your goal you have to stick with it. No half efforts here, we want you to stick with it and to Achieve that goal. (We are dead serious here - no we are not caffeine addicts or anything, we sincerely want to see you succeed!) Unlike that dust collecting saxophone, or that judo outfit that has hanging up in your closet ever since you decided the judo profession was not for you, you will stick with this goal and see it through to the end. It may appear overwhelming at first but if you stick to your goal and work hard, it won't be as scary as you think - more like it will be exciting and definitely not boring.

Now, about that little voice in the back of your mind. You know, the one saying, "What if I do try and I don't achieve my goal? What do I do then?" Okay, like all things there are just some that are out of reach. Don't feel you're a failure that you didn't achieve your goal. You are not a failure, far from it, because you made an effort. You tried to put

your all into it - that is Wonderful and that is more than what most folks would do. You are not a failure because you tried, the effort makes it a success. Perhaps you did not reach your goal but you tried and that is all that really matters.

Still, as you work towards your goal it is good to reward yourself for a job well done. Treat yourself every now and then. It can be a rewarding experience achieving your goal but you also need motivation along the journey of reaching your goal. Let yourself enjoy being in the limelight for a while. Compliment yourself because you are doing a fabulous job that deserves some recognition. Little words of support can help to make the journey a smoother one. Take some time out to see that you are going places and that you will be there soon enough. Once you achieve your goal, let yourself bask in the spotlight because you.

Wally, you're a god!

Patrick Shaeese

one,

i have been given a gift. at least i think it's a gift. i told my friend george about it and he told me "wow, that seems more like a nightmare than a gift!"

i can see into a man's head. not just any man's head, wally caper's head. it started about three weeks ago while wally caper was walking home from work. he walked because he didn't own a car, and he didn't own a car because the government wouldn't allow him. you see, a year ago he took alcohol out of a glass and then hid it. then about an hour later, he threw his head out of a different type of glass when he hit a tree.

the government sent a policeman to investigate the tree, and the car whose hood was hugging that tree, and wally. the policeman reported that both the tree and wally would be okay, but the car was damaged far beyond repair. he also reported that wally wouldn't be able to drive for another three years, because his license was being taken away and it was not going to be given back until those three years were up. the policeman found the alcohol that wally had hid—he had cleverly hid it in his blood.

a tow truck driver then came and towed away what was left of wally's car. wally went to the hospital to rest.

every day after then, he walked to and from work, and from everywhere else.

three weeks ago was my first and only time seeing him. i decided, unconsciously, to do to him what he did to that tree. i hugged him with my car as he crossed the street. the policeman, ironically enough, was the same one that came to investigate wally's first accident. his name was, and still is, vern.

vern told me that "it was clearly an accident," that "it was decent of me to not speed away after the crash and cause a goddamn police chase," and that i, unlike wally, hadn't hid any alcohol in my blood. wally went to the hospital to rest again, and i began to read his mind.

i have full access to all of his conscious memories, i can feel what emotions and feelings are running around inside of him, and i can see what he sees inside his head. i didn't

gain any knowledge or feelings or memories myself, i just have access to wally's. it's as if i can ask wally a question and he will answer me, in a split second, telepathically, and truthfully to the best of his knowledge. i can't see into the subconscious part of his head. if i could do that, i honestly believe i would explode.

i feel sorry for wally. no one believes him where he is. he has four friends who follow him around even though he regularly tells them to "get lost!" or "take a hike, will ya!"

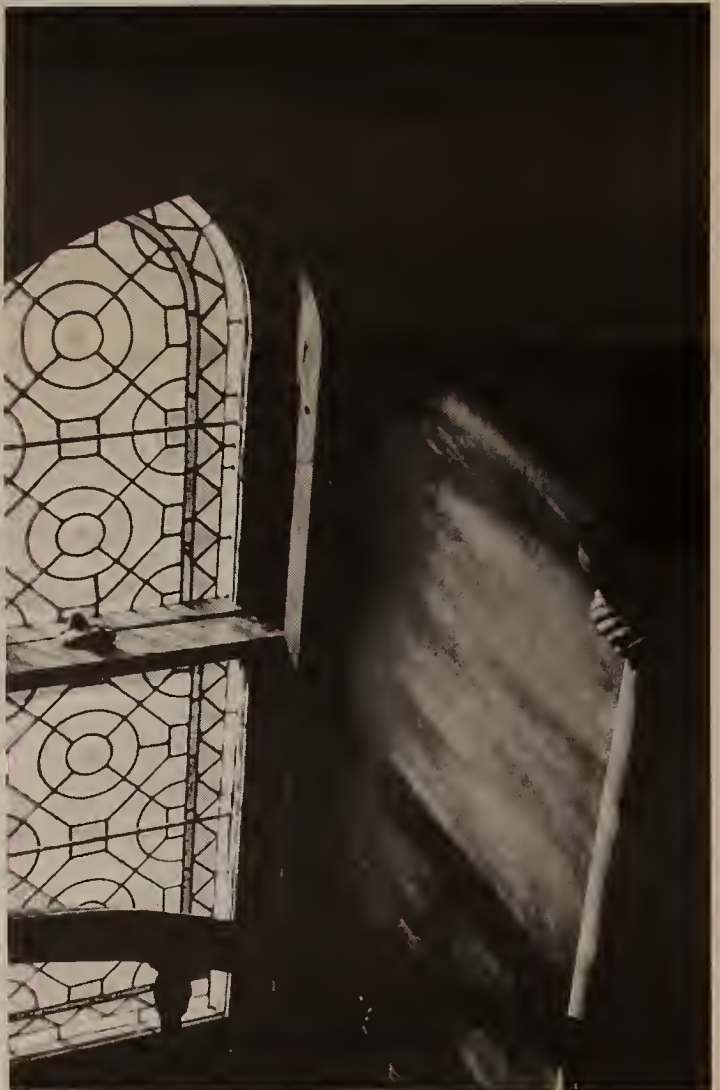
these four followers claim that wally is god. i can assure you that he is not.

wally is in a coma.

he dreams.

he has very little to no control over his dreams. sometimes he can control minor details, but that's rare. i don't have any control over my dreams. i also don't have any control over wally's dreams. i am merely a spectator and lucky you, you get to spectate as well.

'two' coming next issue.



Picture by Antonella Bonfanti



Picture by Zoe Kilmack

Choice Lyrics: the Words Behind: Madonna --- Music (2000)

Universe is full of stars
Nothing out there looks the same
You're the one that I've been waiting for
I don't even know your name

(Impressive Instant)

I can't remember
When I was young

But my life goes on
But not the same
Into your eyes
My face remains

I've been so high
I've been so down
Up to the skies
Down to the ground

I was so blind I could not see
Your paradise
Is not for me

(Paradise (Not For Me))

I feel so sad
What I did wasn't right
I feel so bad
And I must say to you
Sorry, but

Nobody's perfect
Nobody's perfect
What did you expect
I'm doing my best

(Nobody's Perfect)
Turn to stone
Lose my faith
I'll be gone
Before it happens

(Gone)

It's amazing what a boy can do
I cannot stop myself
Wish I didn't want you like I do
Want you and no one else

(Amazing)

Tell me love isn't true
It's just something that we do
Tell me everything I'm not
But please don't tell me to stop
Tell the leaves not to turn
But don't ever tell me I'll learn
Take the black off a crow
But don't tell me I have to go

(Don't Tell Me)

This guy has danced for me
And I have danced for him
This guy has cried for me
And I have cried for him

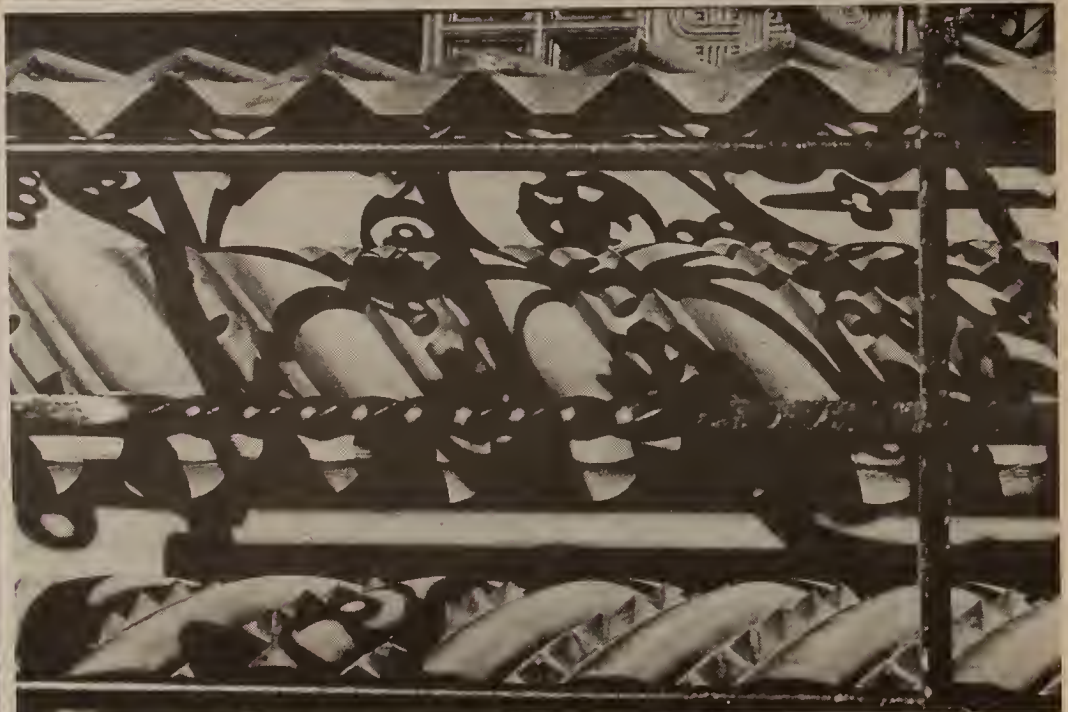
This guy has prayed for me
And I have prayed for him
This guy was made for me
And I was made for him

(I Deserve It)

All Lyrics Copyright Madonna

Next Month - The Words Behind: U2 - All That
You Can't Leave Behind (2000)

O r f e n s i v e - e



Top Picture by Will Sabado; Bottom Picture by Antonella Bonfanti

VIVA FOREVER?

j.woo

In life, things naturally run out. Werun out of drinks. Werun of gas. Werun out of luck. Even the almighty sun will one day create its last ounce of heat. However, the most deadly is when people run out of things to say. Relations are dependent on speech for the most part as it fills the lull created when we're not doing anything. It is talking that allows friendships to occur and people to bond. It's also the kiss of death once it stops.

All friendships start when two people lose their conversational virginity, that once-in-a-friendship moment where conversation moves from introductory foreplay, becomes excited by common interests, and climaxes as both parties gushes uncontrollably about their theories, beliefs, and inevitably, their Pulitzer-prize winning book idea. It's the green light before a big race. It's like opening a new Glade Plug-In: the old air is swept away by the fresh spring scent of companionship.

Friendships sparkle for months until that one fateful day while sipping on your café lattes from Second Cup, you look at your friend and

open your mouth and... nothing. Nothing comes anymore. There is nothing important, nothing trivial, nothing funny, or deep that you feel the need to communicate. No worries to share, or joys. Ahead lies a red light. What happens when you've used up a friend?

I can't even begin to understand why it happens. Did somehow the inner molecular interactions suddenly cease to occur? Or maybe a shift put you in neutral? Or maybe like that Glade Plug-In, friendship fades over time and once it's done, you throw it out and buy new ones. We do it with dates, why not friends? But somewhere inside, I reasoned that was why friends were not dates. They allegedly lasted. Enough teenage girls have bought 'friends forever' pendants to justify it.

When the well becomes dry, separation is an easy option; community has dampened into acquaintance. But mentally putting those memories, fading from vivid colour to dull yellows into the albums of our past is never easy. We then go on to prowl again trying to smash our conversational hymen with another person: an endless

cycle only for the psychologically strongest or numbest.

Then it happens. A voice breaks the silence and the weather is more than just the weather. It's your weather. And the latest movie is rated by two thumbs, not one. Those pictures spring back to life and you say a little prayer of thanks that a friend stayed one.

Maybe friendship isn't an air freshener, only meant to mask the odour, but truly the road to happiness. In essence, when a bond, a true friendship occurs, a unique synergy that defies the laws of science is created: an astounding energy is created from nothing. And so, in friendship lies great power, which lasts beyond a specified time frame; in any friendship, it is the two people who are connected that define just how long friendship will last. It is like a proud declaration that friendship is well worth the travel down the road to happiness. Correction: it is the toll road to happiness where you either get off and out trying an alternate route or pay to go on. And dammit if it ain't worth the cost.

Untitled

Zoë Kilmack

You are Monday mornings,
I am Friday evenings
Swirled in double margaritas
Chanel number five, cleavage

You are corporate flesh
I am freelanced words
carefree, honest, well...
Sometimes

You are married to a ring
I am but a slave to my naked hand
no appendages,
only sex
the act which carries me through the weekend
to you.



Picture by Antonella Bonfanti



Without Jug, You Can't Spell Subjugation

By Steven Jug

The past two issues of the Innis Herald have generated some controversy because of views expressed in the opinion section. Obviously, the past issue of the Herald contained an opinion section that had a greater potential for controversy than the previous issue. Thus, it deserved more attention than the first issue, which did not warrant a response in the opinion editor's view. This was on account of the trivial nature of the complaints. While the manner in which concerns were raised over last month's issue was similarly cowardly, that is to say little if anything was actually said to the opinion section editor, the issues involved have raised genuine concern from Steven Jug. The new concern stems from the articles themselves and the alleged suppression of other pieces in favour of exclusively the editor's own content. And from that concern comes the title.

While aware of the controversial nature of the articles published, it was clear to the editor that readers enjoy reading controversial opinion pieces. He was sent that message after the remarkable response to the "Without Jug, You Can't Spell Psychotic" article by Herbert Bransick in the December 2000 issue. The reason that the response was so significant to Steven was the attack on his character that some of the criticisms involved. Readers disliked the article because it was construed as both misogynistic and a personal attack by Steven Jug on an Innis student.

While a misogynistic undertone clearly exists in the article, Steven Jug was not attempting to convey misogyny as a positive idea or a personal belief by including the article in the opinion section. As a huge fan of the film *Fight Club*, Steven saw the article as a satire of antifemale views in the same way that *Fight Club* ultimately discredits the idea of a violent group of angry men or regimented, quasi-fascist subversive activities. The film *Fight Club* eventually demonstrates the stupidity of Tyler Durden's followers and the brutality of its leader for the sake of personal grievances. Similarly, the Herbert Bransick article makes clear the ridiculousness of the author's views on women, as his conclusions are poorly based on a prolonged anecdote about his ex-girlfriend, which he for some reason believes is a neurotic everywoman. As many English students will surely tell you, fiction is a better method of conveying a point than simplifying it in a journalistic manner. Steven Jug never intended the article to be taken seriously, nor did he expect it to inspire anger in his fellow students or attacks on his character.

Furthermore, those who know Steven Jug will likely remember his enduring characterization as a 'counter' last year in residence. This is certainly a more valid characterization than that of misogynist. In the 1848 Communist Manifesto Marx and Engels freely state, "Communists, real point aimed at is to do away with the status of women as mere instruments of production." That should be sufficient to those who are ignorant about the political left to demonstrate that Communism, and whatever support for its ideals the opinion editor has, are totally in favour of equality of the sexes. The editor did advocate the NDP in the election, and mourn the loss of the openly Marxist band *Age Against The Machine* in its original form. The leftist stance of the editor's positions should be evidence enough of the satirical nature of the Herbert Bransick article.

The much more salient concern raised regarding the inclusion of the article is the view that it was a personal attack against a person at Innis. While this was never the intent of the editor, it has occurred in any case. He did not wish the article to be viewed by anyone at Innis as an indication of his feelings towards them. It is Steven Jug's only regret in regard to having incorporated the satirical Herbert Bransick article in the opinion section. Steven Jug feels absolutely terrible for the problems he has caused, which of course have been exacerbated by those with little actual knowledge of his motivation for writing the article.

The article's subject is a tall tale Julia MacArthur regardless of the specific events involved in the work. Nevertheless, the individual of focus specifically has the editor's deepest and sincerest apology for his inconsiderate action. While he stands by his inclusion of the Herbert Bransick article, an early section of the article unquestionably should have been omitted, and the article would have thus been more effective in achieving its intended result. The article was never meant as an attack upon their person. Thus, publication of their title was undertaken with no malicious intent whatsoever.

In regard to the minor concern that the opinion section is simply the Steven Jug section, he is welcoming more submissions to the section this month. The near-monopoly he enjoyed in regard to authoring the section was a result of lack of submissions, leaving him no choice but to author the section himself. Steven Jug did not simply fill the section in spite of other articles that were submitted. If readers would like less point-counterpoint, they should consider submitting articles to the section.

Overall, the opinion editor would like to comment that the readers seem to be very interested in the articles that he views as less significant while the articles about important political and social issues receive little attention. It is important that the paper is read, and the controversial opinion articles have done much to that end. Perhaps if the reverse were the case, then he would consider including fewer articles of the 'name names' sort that have been so widely read.

Steven Jug is the editor of the opinion section and decided that this article of defence and regret simply must take the place of his usual commentary on social and political issues to attempt to undo any damage done by the article in question.

Thanks To All These Rumours, I Don't Bother With The Newspaper

By Julia MacArthur

In my quasi-monthly perusal of the Innis Herald, an article caught my attention, namely because it was written about me, Julia MacArthur, penned by none other than Herbert Bransick. Although a summary of the piece may be beneficial – it would not have held my attention if my name had not been smattered across the page – I will not subject you, gentle reader, to another tirade by a scarred, embittered, and maligned post-pubescent. Unfortunately, it is often difficult to remember the good times; however, and let us face this fact together, living in an opulent society, at an age in which the only people who matter are themselves and their closest friends, most teenagers do have their share of good times. Arguably, good times are relative, and I suppose Herbie may have had better times in his life, but (call me an idealist) if any good comes from his weapon of choice, the mass media, it is the deeper appreciation of the good part of this life through which we blunder. Hey, at least he had girls to complain about, right?

Which brings me to my real reason for writing this rebuttal. This experience (I suppose I could call it 'bad press') has caused me to contemplate what we consider to be news today. The media, who have the potential to educate, inform, and even to obliterate ignorance, is awash with the very dribble and bad press that we students of Innis witnessed last month. My friend and fellow resident Kate Brindley, who worked with a magazine distributing firm before resigning to attend university, estimated that the ratio of tabloids, romance gossip columns, and porn to actual educative and informative news sources runs 12 to 1.

First of all, what does that say about us as a culture? Despite our conviction that we are such highly evolved creatures, who are advancing at phenomenal rates in a mélange of fields, we still display a very sordid aspect of our nature. An economic law states that if the public demands a product, it will be produced for us. We must keep this in mind when we try to blame the creators of these questionable products, whether they are Tellitubbies, Pokémon, Danielle Steele novels, or the Toronto Sun.

That is how I, the victim of such a product, avoid placing the blame on Herbie for writing the article, and on Steve Jug and the other editors for allowing the article to be printed. They are merely wise economists who are providing you, the public, with what you want to digest.

We must come to terms with the fact that we are reading it not to be morality's superheroes, defending the rights and reputations of the victims of the mass media. No, we are reading this crap because we are entertained by it, because we like to hear that other people do real, despicable, wouldn't-tell-your-mother things, be they royalty, Hollywood movie stars, fictional characters, or lowly fellow students. I do not mean this to be in any way insulting. To each his own. If Joe University likes to read about a stranger's sexual exploits let him be entertained. If Jane University needs to get angry at the entire male gender via some unknown journalist, it is better than having her take her rage out on her partner (it is no wonder Herbie is convinced that we are all psychotic).

So remember boys and girls, Princess Di died for your viewing pleasure, always question the sources, and don't be ashamed to read Playboy for the pictures.

By the way, the only reason Herbie wrote all that stuff about me being psychotic is because he wishes that it was him that I had sex with in the middle of that party. He always got off on that kinky shit.

Julia MacArthur is a student at Innis, and has the Herald's congratulations for being the bigger person in the dispute between her and 'Herbie'.



Cameron Weir Proclaims:

Global Warming My Ass!

Have any of you noticed how cold it's been lately? I sure know I have. This is one of the coldest starts to the winter that I can remember. And what was the deal with the summer? You'd think that after all the rain and cold we had even to the middle of July that we'd get a break. But no, Mother Nature has always been a harsh mistress. However, it's not our good Mother that is leaving me cold. It's those pansy environmentalists with their 'green' talk and their anti-corporate rhetoric. I like corporations. They make nice things for me to buy. Anyways, so where are all the environmentalists now, with their talk of "global warming" and "ozone holes" and "skin cancer?" It's a whole lot of hokey. If there really was global warming, then why have the last three years been the coldest in my nineteen living in Toronto? If there really is global warming, shouldn't it be getting... warmer?

Now I'm no scientist, but it seems ~~clear~~ what's really going on here. Sure, all of the chemicals made the world warmer at first, but Nature then adapted to them and began to regulate herself again. So, now that those damn environmentalists made us stop producing chemicals, Nature is being thrown for a loop.

She became used to the chemicals to make the world warm, and now it's getting frickin' freezing in their absence. So, if you take my advice, we should reintroduce CFCs and help her out a bit. Hell, if we make enough of them, we could turn Canada into a tropical paradise.

Now, I know what you're thinking. How can I, an individual, help with such a big problem out of my control? And you're right. You are just a pathetic cog in the capitalist machine, but there ~~are~~ ways for you to take action. Your car's air conditioning system is a rich source of CFCs. Puncture it, and release the chemical goodness. After all, the way things are going, you probably won't need air conditioning in a couple of years anyways. And hey, next time you use a spray can, spray a little extra - for Mother Nature, and for me.

Cameron Weir is a philosophy specialist at the University. He is not a scientist, nor does he know any scientists that could possibly tell him about global warming. His opinions are not shared by the Herald Staff, who of course are also not experts on global warming. Students of Environmental Studies at Innis should be inspired by this firework to contribute to the Herald.

Point-Counterpoint:

The Herald's Next Editor



Black Shirts And Black Ink

By Benito Mussolini's Mangled Corpse

Loyal Innis Herald readers, I, the benevolent Duce Mussolini, offer you the chance to return your paper to its former glory.

The Duce was of course the editor of a socialist newspaper in Italy in the 1910's, and later founded a paper of his own. While the Herald isn't a socialist newspaper, prominent Innis students such as Matt Lie Paehle have called it "a pinko rag." With Steven Jug as an editor that seems to be an accurate description. I, the great Mussolini, know how to deal with the communists. They will not run the Herald into isolation like they have done to other papers in the past. I secured papal support before and I can again. Do you really want some whimpering liberals running your paper, ready to give way to the reds at any moment? Nol. You need the strong hand of Mussolini to keep the Herald safe from those who would subvert its glorious position among the other papers.

Your otherwise mighty paper has been rather inconsistent in coming to the newsstands, and has yet to come out on time. I will restore the Herald's lost glory and make the paper run on time. In Italy, Mussolini made the trains run on time. I will have little trouble doing the same with your puny paper. Others such as Marx's head are cowards and cannot hope to secure the glorious victories that I will bring. My black shirts will stop at nothing to see the orderly operation of the Herald. Is the glory of the Innis Herald worth the price of fascism? I say yes! In time the people will come to love Mussolini as their leader, and will be secure from the threat posed by the red menace. I was victorious in Africa and I can be victorious in North America. I am the best choice for the next ruler of the Herald, better than Marx's head even as a mangled corpse.



The Shocked Escapee

Jamin Sheriff Escapes From Custody!

Authorities fear he wields a new fingerprint-based super-lock

By The Herald Staff

Panic rules the streets as the news of Jamin Sheriff's daring breakout becomes widely known. Driven to his psychological breaking point while slaving over a 'design project', he is at large somewhere in the Toronto area. Speculation is rampant at present over his possible plans. While Mr. Sheriff is not considered dangerous, the fingerprint based super-lock he was working on last may be complete. The parallels between Mr. Sheriff and Nikolai Tesla are astounding, as Tesla once created a 'death ray' of his own.. Only time will tell what Mr. Sheriff has in store for humankind.

Point-Counterpoint:

The Herald's Next Editor



A Paper For Proletarians

By A Bronze Bust of Karl Marx's Head

I call upon the students of Innis to rise up and defeat the fascist villain Mussolini!

I, the heroic Bronze Bust of Karl Marx's Head, am the one fit leader of the Innis Herald. In 1842, I was the editor of the *Reinische Zeitung* until March of the following year when I resigned the position because of the censorship conditions that I did not tolerate. In 1851, I had a nineteen-article series titled 'Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Germany' published in the New York Daily Tribune over the course of a year. I obviously have the same amount of experience as that fascist hack Mussolini. He would like to keep secret the fact that we was fired from the socialist newspaper where he worked for supporting the First World War. Under the leadership of Marx's Head, the Innis Herald will not be dragged into any of the imperialists' wars.

Mussolini's glorified Roman discipline is nothing more than a veil for violence and harassment. Is that how you wish to be treated as readers of the Herald? Mussolini made the trains run on time, by shooting someone if they did not. Is this how you want your paper run, by a group of gangsters? What sort of writer would work under those conditions?

Now I will tell you of the wonders you will experience with a Bronze Bust of Karl Marx's Head as your leader. The Herald Staff will not be exploited, but instead each will work according to his ability, each according to his means. And the Herald will be free to take its own course; there will be no censorship of Herald writers. After all, it was I who inspired communist revolutionaries all around the globe. Support Marx's Head, and freedom for the Herald.

Where's The Beef?

By Joseph Jacques
& Césaire Joffre



'The Marshal'



Joffre

Would you like to know what is sickening? We'll tell you what is sickening. The state of the world is sickening. And of course, since we mighty industrialized states make it sick, we don't really care. We hope you don't think we're joking. This paper is known for joking, although its usually not interpreted properly, so we're clearing this up at the beginning. This is not a joke at all.

The fun euphemism is globalization, which is a great way of saying greed. Because greed is what drives the global economy, currency speculation, and multinational corporations. Of course, few people are aware of the problem, and even fewer care. Those who do still don't do anything about it except lecture others about it when they say something less than enlightened about the topic (like the famous line that its better for kids to work in sweatshops than not to work at all).

What are doing here is spreading sweatshop awareness to you wretches not in the social sciences (don't worry, there are a load of wretches in the social sciences), and of course the P.I.s, because they really need a lesson. Too much apathy exists these days, and of course that isn't changing any time soon considering what those gen-xer's and us gen-y characters are shaping up to be.

Now to the topic at hand: the re-colonization of the developing world through multinational corporations (MNCs) I'm sure that it's a buzzword that most people have heard, along with globalization. But we don't have much regard for you, the average reader, so here goes. Of course there are the classic stats, such as a typical worker for Nike was paid \$1 a day in 1991, while the shoes generally cost over \$100 dollars in Canada. Nike profits in 1991 alone registered at US \$287 million. But we think it is important to highlight the conditions generally experienced by 80% of the world's population, which needless to say lives in poverty.

The world is clearly divided by economic status, a division far more enduring than the ideological divide of old. The developing world contains three quarters of the world's population, but only one third of its goods and services. Seventy states have average incomes lower than they were in 1980, while forty-three have incomes lower than they were in 1970. Just as impressive is the fact that the 358 richest billionaires in the world have a combined wealth that exceeds the sum of the annual incomes of countries with 45% of the world's population. *But that's okay, because those billionaires earned all of that money.*

These economic figures do translate into a humanitarian disaster. 800 million people do not receive enough food, while 1.3 billion people lack access to safe drinking water. 17 million people die annually from treatable diseases, and 90% of the world's population infected with HIV lives in the south (the developing world). Such problems are exacerbated by the fact that the south has seventy-five percent of the world's population but only thirty percent of the world's doctors. And finally, one billion people in the world are illiterate.

Women are worst off in the developing world. Seventy percent of the world's population living in poverty is female. Two thirds of all illiteracy is female. Eighty percent of malnourished children are female. This problem is due in substantial part to the fact that men are the ones in most positions of power in the developing world as they are here.

What is the role of MNCs in all this? That's a good question that should be considered by those readers with the good sense to still be with us. MNCs are a major part of the net flow of capital into the north (that is us) from the south, because they receive more money in profit from the developing world than they invest. A large part of this problem stems from the fact that developing countries are essentially used to cheaply obtain raw materials, and then manufacture more advanced products abroad. Not surprisingly, most of what is produced by MNCs is too expensive for the people in developing countries to buy at market prices.

At the same time, MNCs contribute to inequality, as they create a social and economic elite that is likely the corrupt agent of the MNC, while the poor majority only sees its conditions worsened. The economies of the countries involved are also made dependant on the MNCs for whatever investment they do provide, and they are simultaneously responsible for stifling domestic development, as competition from local companies in areas such as labour, and oppose efforts of developing countries to actually industrialize.

Ultimately, MNCs are obstacles to social change, as profit is their primary concern and may be threatened by progressive social movements. This is at the core of the sweatshop issue, where it is argued that dehumanizing nearly-slave work is better than none. That argument doesn't properly take into account the fact that the labour conditions of modern times were greatly shaped by strikes. If the workers had simply had the 'better than nothing' mentality, they might still be working fourteen hour days, get fined for missing work, and receiving no compensation for injury and of course have no safety precautions taken. Not to mention the revolutions that toppled the authoritarian Russian and German governments in 1917 and 1918, respectively, were largely due to massive worker strikes (we have that on very good historical authority).

The combined debt of the 41 most highly indebted developing countries is US \$135 billion, while the world's largest MNCs each record annual revenues in excess of US\$ 100 billion. *But they do so much good by exploiting cheap labour and selling mediocre products to an ignorant public at inflated prices, why should they be punished and condemned for conducting business so well? The corporations do sooooo much good, like providing Cameron Vair with products, it's a wonder they get such a bad rap. It like everyone is exploiting them, making them a scapegoat for the world's problems.* Such absurd (but real) counter-arguments force us to ask the question, are MNCs really helping anyone? Our answer is obvious, but you should think about it yourself. To provide a contrast, the UN operates on a budget of US\$1.2 billion. Nothing substantial is done about the debt load, which cripples the governments of developing countries, despite the obvious availability of money.

All of these numbers and facts hopefully give you a better idea of what's going on in the world, and that it continues because no one really gives a damn. These are all facts and our feelings of anger towards MNCs were generated by the facts, not the other way around. There are so many things to occupy our collective time here in the West, but that concern is dealt with elsewhere. The views expressed here are broadly held in the actual field of study. Readers really should question the value of a global economic system that benefits 20% of the world's population at the expense of the livelihood of the other 80%. Then again, why would anyone complain about being part of the global elite? And the answer is that very few people do complain.

This article isn't meant to be totally anti-capitalist or anti-American; it is concerned with the drastic departure from capitalism of old (the kind they teach you about in economics), and the exploitation of all consumers in the pursuit of profit. Those who survived through exploitation used to be called parasites, but now these business people are regarded as something other than the problem.

Finally, we come to the question of what exactly can be done about the current problem. And as is to be expected, apathy rules out most options. Protesting has proven itself to be a very effective method of spreading awareness about the villainy of globalization, as the APEC scandal and Seattle protests were news items for months. If a trade conference of relevance comes to town, get off your ass and get out into the streets. Then there are the more classic methods of airing your grievances, such as writing a letter, or starting a letter-writing campaign to your elected representative or the head of the appropriate corporation. We are not pretending that these methods of protest actually result in any substantial change. But they don't hurt, and spreading awareness can only be a good thing if we want broad support. Because it is clear what would actually be needed to affect change quickly: the violent overthrow of the Western governments.

The new Herald Staff notices thought that the paper needed to take stronger positions on a wide range of issues. If this article bored the hell out of you, it is more's fault but your own.



The Commissars enjoy a nacho break

Dogs With Jobs

By The Herald Staff

This is the big third issue of the 2000-2001 Innis Herald, and it will undoubtedly be an event in the Innis community. Concerns have been raised about the strong-arm tactics of the opinion editor and his domination of the section. While he partly addresses these concerns in his lead opinion piece this month, the newly formed opinion section committee decided that the changes to the section should be addressed directly.

The opinion section is now not exclusively in the control of its editor, Steven Jug (rumored to be at a tailgate party somewhere in New Jersey), as he has invited the other writers to come together and create a broad agreement on which articles should be published in each issue. The first session of the committee was very successful, as the editor and the other writers were able to come to a consensus on the content for this month's expanded section. The new commissars include Cameron 'I'm not responsible for any of the paper's content other than my own' Weir, Jamin Sheriff, Gus Jentev, Joseph Jacques, Césaire Joffie, Julia MacArthur (not pictured), and Jackie Shulge (not pictured). With a larger group of people involved (although Cameron was only involved in his article), the opinion section will finally be the home of numerous writers, with more always welcome. It is the hope of the committee and all of its commissars that these structural changes will result in a better representation of Innis students and the issues that are important to them, and a more readable paper overall.

A comparison with the city's major papers produces a favourable result for the Herald. This paper will not pursue an elitist corporate agenda. It will not be boring. The Herald will not contain too many sections that overwhelm the paper's quality writing. Finally, a team of illiterate monkeys does not produce the paper. The above-described papers need not be named, as they are obviously identified by their faults.

In addition to the reasons for not reading other newspapers, there are compelling reasons to read the Herald. As university students, an intrinsic value exists in reading publication written by other students. None of those old-time hack journalists who cannot get a book published are at the Herald. The other U of T papers lack this column, and are not the product of a small part of the intellectual elite at Innis.

Future issues of the Herald are just as important as the enduring tributes of the paper. Readers can expect a wide array of subjects in this column, ranging from controversial political articles, to independent character assassinations, to other controversial articles. Perhaps the most important element of the Herald's credibility is that this section will continue to be dynamic and cannot stop being controversial. Dam.

The Herald Staff does what it can for the pleasure of the reading audience. Readers have expressed concern that they are on the line some times. The Staff does not live in a world of lines, only curves and still more curves.

Just For The Record

If The Opinion Writers Were Characters From Films

By The Herald Staff

Steven Jug: Tyler Durden of Fight Club fame
Julia MacArthur: Mallory Knox of Natural Born Killers fame
Cameron Weir: Steve McQueen of Cincinnati Kid fame
Benito Mussolini's Mangled Corpse: Benito Mussolini as portrayed by Rod Steiger
Jamin Sheriff: Mr. T of D.C. Cabfare
A Bronze Bust Of Karl Marx's Head: nobody
Joseph Jacques: David Mills of Se7en fame
Césaire Joffie: Jeffrey Gaines of 12 Monkeys fame
Gus Jentev: One Punch Mickey O'Neil of Shatch fame

The Herald Staff thought that film should receive greater representation in the paper, as Innis is the film college. Next issue will feature greater environmental studies and urban studies representation.



The Fearless Fugitive

Jamin Sheriff Is Unstoppable!

Flees Toronto, vows to return and "unleash upon the city a force of unimaginable destruction"

By The Herald Staff

A sense of imminent doom unites the people of Toronto, as Jamin Sheriff avoided the fully mobilized police force and fled the city. In an interview with Herald Staff Mr. Sheriff stated, "I will travel to my bar and finalize my diabolical schemes. Then I can return to unleash upon the city a force of unimaginable destruction, against which there is no defence." It is unclear what exactly Mr. Sheriff has in store for Toronto, but some sort of unstoppable funk machine may be involved. Mr. Sheriff's recent contact with hated computer genius Jason Woodside, another part of the notorious Build Co. seems to verify the possibility. If Mr. Sheriff is planning to destroy the city, nothing stands in his way.

Point-Counterpoint: The Innis Res Community



Is There A Better Time To Have Better Times At Innis?

By Mr. Steven Jug

January is as good a time to party at university as September, and Innis students made a good showing in 2001. The important aspect of this reprieve at the beginning of second term is that it allows Innis students to again be the hyper-social, hyper-gossipy characters they were at the beginning of the year.

January reinforced (for the Herald Staff) the fun times that Innis students can have together. The two most notable and extensive Innis events were the birthday-stravaganza at O'Grady's and the Innis pub night. Now the birthday celebration was not an official event, but it was widely attended. It demonstrates how word-of-mouth can be used positively in the residence, as the large group managed to dominate the scene with their numbers, like the Russians at Poltava. The second highly notable event in January was the Innis Pub Night. Acting as something of a prelude to later trips to the Brunny and Tonic, students flocked to the cheap booze provided at the college.

So what is the message of this narrative of collective events in January? Innis students have a lot of fun together when out in large numbers, and really should have more events to enjoy. Innis Formal will provide students with at least one other large gathering before classes again become an urgent concern. After that it should be books, books, books, until the year-end party. Thus, you are receiving sanction by the Herald Staff (if you need it) to go wild in the remaining period before reading week. After that, you have to validate the ten grand it costs you to be here, do you not?

Point-Counterpoint: The Innis Res Community



You All Know That This Is A Mockery, And So Do I

By Mr. Gus Jentev

I have no problem with students having fun and drinking at the University, or in general. But the idea that Innis College should be doing more to promote student drinking is a little more than I can stand. Why exactly do students need to drink so much? All of the stress? You're breaking my heart Innis College, just breaking my heart. *Boo boo, life is so horrible, I had better go out drinking and leave my work until the night before.* A long time ago, the word student was a euphemism for revolutionary agitator, which is a lot more impressive than any contemporary euphemisms that may exist for us.

University students used to contribute something, and used to care about more than just themselves. Now I'm sure there are those of us who still carry on the tradition, but most do not. In Europe, students were instrumental in affecting massive social change, and hell; at least they had Great Wars to fight in. Back then, they had their dances and socials, and women weren't always given the regard they deserve, but nobody's perfect. Students cared about issues once, and if necessary went to jail for them. They used to have something to say. Now, all they can write about are ex-girlfriends, important celebrities, and other worthless bullshit. And you all love it. The half-ass real-issue articles are scarcely talked about, unlike the garbage that fills up most of this section. There is also the fact that no one cares enough to write, so one guy has to write it all. There are a lot of issues to deal with, the Harris Tories are in power, and yet we do nothing but have fun with our parents' money. What the College needs to promote is student interest in the larger world around us.

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Mandatory Cinema: Go See Spike Lee's 'Bamboozled'

by Entertainment Editor Jared Bland

Spike Lee likes pissing people off. Actually- perhaps that's an unfair statement. Spike Lee likes watching people squirm. Whether they're squirming from anger, shock, disgust or even delight, Spike Lee digs it...and has made a career out of it.

But with that ability to make people squirm also comes an ability to make people think. Spike Lee, when not busy making movies about talking dogs (see 1999's *Summer of Sam*), can make audiences think on a level that few if any contemporary film makers and social critics are able to.

And so, the man says, think about this: since the genesis of visually documented entertainment in America, minorities, specifically (at least in Lee's study) African Americans, have been portrayed as ridiculous caricatures- such wildly drawn characters that they do nothing to stop the perpetuation of the racial stereotypes and divides that are daily destroying society, but in fact they encourage those stereotypes.

And that is why we should all march to the multiplex and strap ourselves and our loved ones in the seats and, whether we want to or not, watch Spike Lee's "Bamboozled". To say this is an important film is not just an understatement, but in fact is slightly misleading. This is an essential film.

Never has a director been brave enough to so directly attack everything that is wrong with the portrayal of the Black community in movies and on TV...never has a director been so brave as to essentially satirize and criticize everything from the remarkable yet abhorrent "Birth of A Nation," to popular modern television.

The acceptance of Black characters as just that- Black- is a tremendous problem. Lee forces us to re-think everything we've ever watched and ask ourselves why cardboard cutout, one dimensional characters have always seemed to suffice. Lee's concept is that the best way to point out these problems is by creating something

more stereotypical, offensive and disturbing than anything ever seen before- sort of a greatest hits of the intentional and unintentional portrayal of racial injustice.

And there it is, shining brighter than anything you've seen on film in years- *Mantan The New Millennium Minstrel Show*. You've never even imagined anything like this...I promise.

But Pierre Delacroix (played with masterful timing and restraint by Damon Wayans) did. And so it is that, with prodding from his very white

should never have seen air time becomes in fact a monster success, spawning merchandise clothing and audiences full of Black Face wearing middle aged White people. As the show becomes more and more successful, it spirals out of the control of its stars and creator. Womack, Mar Ray and Delacroix become disenchanted and outraged by the public's encouragement and their own guilty consciences.

By showing the success and ultimate failure of this hyperbole of modern television, Spike

Lee makes his commentary impossibly urgent. The plot and performance: pierce the audience like bullets- you feel simultaneously entertained, enraged, amused, upset and ultimately guilty. As "Bamboozled" races towards its chaotic and tragic climax, the audience



boss who thinks he's very black, Dunwitty (the amazingly funny and disturbing Michael Rapaport), Delacroix comes up with the *Mantan Minstrel show*- a production so shockingly offensive that it is sure to get him fired from the job he hates.

He enlists the talented but homeless tap dancer Man Ray and his friend Womack to star in this show- a return to the traditional variety/minstrel productions...sketches, songs, dance. But this is where Lee's scathing commentary and biting satire really starts, for this is no normal variety show. For starters, it is set alternately in a watermelon patch and a cotton field. The house band, The Porch Monkeys, performs on a porch-in 30s style striped prison jumpers. *Mantan's* inspired tap performances are echoed by dancers playing such stereotypes as Aunt Jemima.

Oh yeah, and everyone performs in Black Face- the antiquated make up technique whereby White actors and even Black actors would paint their faces with a charcoal paste and augment their lips with layers and layers of bright red lip stick so that they would be more readily identifiable with the audiences preconceived notions of what Black characters should look like.

The plot moves ahead and the show which

collectively sinks into their stadium seats- unable to deny their role in what is happening...unable to plead ignorance anymore.

For Lee shows us everything television movies, and ultimately audiences do wrong. This film is not a criticism of how White executives treat minority based shows or Black characters on predominately White shows. This is a film about a collective crime- the conscious and unconscious stereotyping and simplification of Black culture in movies and television during the last 100 years.

The film ends with a montage of clips clips from movies, television, cartoons advertisements- that all, one way or another feature often horrifying instances of stereotyping and racism. This barrage certainly achieves its desired effect...the audience sat motionless through most of the credits, too shocked and heartbroken to move.

And that is how Spike Lee succeeds here. He shows us that whether it be White actors in Black Face in old silent movies or Black actors in the all too common role of loud, stupid drug dealer in a modern TV show, we all buy into and encourage stereotypes everyday. And it's time to stop.

News From The Music Front: Late Nite TV and Lots Of Tinsel

by Zeke "Python" Wilberforce

So there we were, me and the Dogg, New Years Eve 2001. This dude Jamie told us that Much More Music was gonna be running a Behind The Music on Seven Mary Three- and they're the Dogg's favorite band so we cancelled our party plans and got some fittys.

You see...we had some crazy party shit

lined up. We were gonna go out with these chicks for dinner and shit and then, after we got that midnite kiss action we were gonna go round the hood and steal shit from people's trash cause they wouldn't be home and all. People throw out some fucked up shit round X-Mas time and we weren't about to miss out on all that free tinsel.

But like I said, the Dogg- he's an idiot- but he loves that Seven Mary Three. But get this- it turns out that little bitch Jamie was pullin the

Dogg's chain so he could cash in on all that tinsel alone. There wasn't no Seven Mary Three BTM there wasn't even any BTM...I mean I'm always up for that wicked Milli Vanilli episode...but ever that shit wasn't on.

But then there's this commercial for this record called "One" by this band the Beatles After me and the Dogg got done laughing about what a lame ass name for a band that is, we caught the rest of the commercial and that deep voice dude was all like "the best band in the the continued on next page..."

Another Pointless Year End Top Ten List? Never!!

by Opinionated Entertainment Editor Jared Bland

So now it is finally 2001, and we music critics can finally start making our best of lists for real...the millennium and century and decade are finally over. So here it is, the Innis Herald's lame attempt at a best of list.

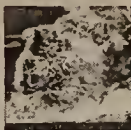
But this really isn't a best of list. It's actually a most important list. That is to say that here are what we think are the top 10 most important albums of the 90s...and why. So here's the list...agree, disagree, love them or hate them...in no particular order.

Radiohead- The Bends- Less edgy than OK Computer, less weird than Kid A, this is essentially the album that turned would be one hit wonders (see Pablo Honey's "Creep") into a bona fide, and intelligent, rock and roll band. Radio hits "High and Dry" and "Fake Plastic Trees" were both impressive singles, but the albums backbone is in its hard rocking core...brilliant songs



like "My Iron Lung". Just think of it this way- had this album failed, no one would be calling OK Computer the best album of all time, and pseudo- intellectual coffee house types couldn't hail Kid A for its unprecedented experimentation (you want avant garde, go check out John Cage or something).

Rage Against The Machine- Rage Against The Machine- Although arguably not as good as The Battle of Los Angeles, Rage's first album is certainly more important. By the time The Battle of Los Angeles was released, the rap metal genre had already been destroyed by much less talented bands like Limp Bizkit. Rage is great not only because they make fantastic music and pioneered the genre, but also because they have something to say. Frantic tempo changes, exceptionally advanced instrumentation and



frontman Zach de la Rocha's astounding vocals make for a very fine first album- both for Rage, and for rap metal.

Bob Dylan- Time Out of Mind- Certainly in my desert island- all time top five list of best albums of the 90s, Dylan's 347th masterpiece is also a tremendously important album. After a five year silence

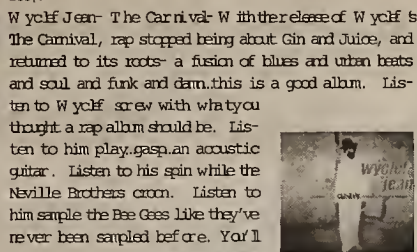
which was preceded by the release of two quiet little folk albums, Dylan's back to quote noted Dylan scholar Pail Williams, "speaking like Zeus on the mountain top". Perhaps the greatest songwriter of the modern age seemingly rises from the musical dead, and shocks the world. And the Grammys. Deep grooves, bluegrass picking, back country vocals, and that 'recorded on a one room country shack' sound- this album reminds us of how rock and roll can make our lives better. Thanks Bob.

Liz Phair- Exile In Guyville- Multitasking at its finest. Liz Phair manages to write some killer hooks, provocative lyrics, find girl-rock as we know it and be really really hot all at the same time. Damn. Phair's lyrics, often explicit and perverse, shocked the world of indie rock and, to some extent, mainstream rock, got her on the cover of Rolling Stone, and made her really rich. She sings about wanting to 'fuck you like a dog' and gets paid. Double damn.



Lou Reed and John Cale- Songs For Drella- The five of us that have heard this album can attest to its subtle brilliance, but that doesn't matter in this article. This album is mega-important for one reason- John Cale and Lou Reed hadn't really even talked since Cale left/ was fired from the most if lumental band in American music history, The Velvet Underground, after their second album in 1968. And here they are, the pair (no matter what Lou Reed says, Cale was involved in the creative process of The Velvet Underground & Nico) responsible for "Heroin", back in black and together again. Plus it's a musical biography of incredibly if lumental pop artist Andy Warhol. On the downside, it's probably out of print and available only on import for 500\$.

Wyclef Jean- The Carnival- With the release of Wyclef's The Carnival, rap stopped being about Gin and Juice, and returned to its roots- a fusion of blues and urban beats and soul and funk and damn. This is a good album. Listen to Wyclef screw with what you thought a rap album should be. Listen to him play, gasp, an acoustic guitar. Listen to his spin while the Neville Brothers croon. Listen to him sample the Bee Gees like they've never been sampled before. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you might buy his not-nearly-as-good follow up album. Can't help you there though.



The Beatles- One- The year 2000 saw the dominance of bubble gum pop and boy bands- the celebration of deep grooves and transparent lyrics. It was almost as though the music consuming population decided to return to the mid 70s

they can do that Oasis has already done better. Lame rip of artists.

So, if you're thinking of buying the Beatles' album, and I think there's only one, cause why else would they call the album one- I mean there ain't no ad on late night TV for the Beatles Two, skip it. Go by "What's The Story (Morning Glory)" instead. Cause Oasis rocks.

On a more personal note, I can't find my car. Have any of you seen it? It's a lime green '73 Pinto with plates that read LADY S MN.

trend of destroying everything that makes music art. What heaven-sent common sense, then, that the album that would be the largest worldwide seller in the year of Justin Timberlake and Nick Carter would be the ultimate greatest hits album by the best boy band in history (The Velve Underground had a female drummer and thus can't be considered). These may not be your favorite Beatles songs,



but that's why they're great. With the Beatles you're constantly finding new favorites.

Tom Waits- Mule Variations- Another fantastic album from Tom Waits slips under the pop culturer's ear. Not to say no one heard Mule Variations, some people did...but why don't Tom Waits' albums sell in

monster numbers. Well this is another jewel- certainly one of his best, and it's important because still no one notices. Waits is America's hidden secret, better known to most Europeans than New Yorkers, and he continues to put out



exceptionally well written and performed albums for those of us listening. "Come on up to the House," "Take It With Me When I Go," and "Picture in a Frame" are among his best songs ever.

Nirvana- Nevermind- Self explanatory. If you don't know why this album is important, you're lying.

Beck- Odelay- The real alternative. Beck's Odelay has been hailed as the quintessential modern alternative album, and as the future of music. So if this is the future of music, it's got to be important. But

it's more than that. Odelay's dripping with Ginsberg/Dylan lyrical influences and draws on a musical canon as varied as rap and bluegrass. These components, combined with Beck's exceptional talents as an innovator make this perhaps the defining mid/late 90s album. Highlights include the infectious single "Where It's At," the hard hitting "Hi Five," and the brilliant "Noveau". If Beck is the future of rock, bring it on.



Honorable Mentions:

Ben Harper- The Will To Live- the men simultaneously channels Hendrix and Robert Johnson.

Bob Dylan- Live 1966- A defining moment for a defining artist.

The Olivia Tremor Cont'd- Black Fridge- Everything that's right about Indie.

D'Angelo- Voodoo- The finest grooves available anywhere.

Original Soundtrack- Out of Sight- Along with Pulp

continued from previous page...

world, the best album in the world".

Now neither me or the Dogg had ever heard of this "best band", but the Dogg's momma gave him 20 bills for X-Mas so we figured we should probably order the best record ever with it. Well it came CD that Friday and we tossed it on.

I guess it's alright except for all that hold your head high pitched bullshit. But after a few spins, the Dogg turns to me and is all like "this shit sounds like Oasis". And check this- the Dogg's fucking right.

These Beatles are alright I guess, but as far as me and the Dogg is concerned, there ain't nothing

Next Month's Issue...

Savage Garden Mania...What Does It Mean For Our Children

An Interview With Rush's Geddy Lee...Maybe

More News From The Music Front

The Vagina Monologues: Thoughtful Theatre....

by Nina Haikara

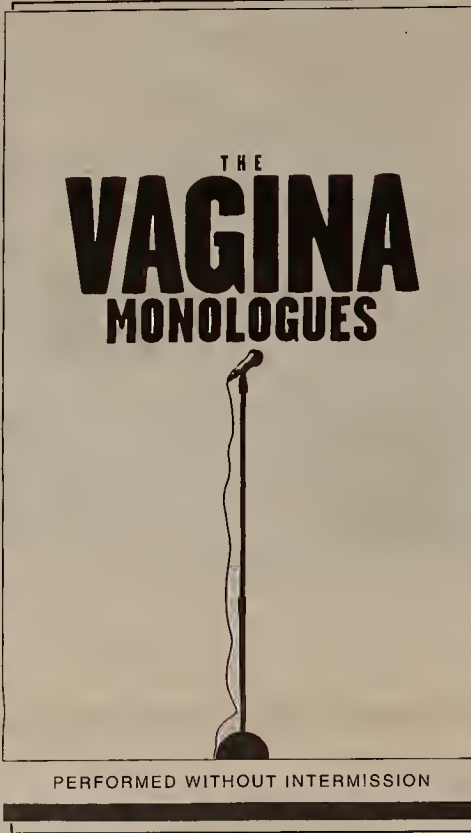
Three women sit on high stools, positioned in a row along a deep red carpet. Two women are currently cloaked in darkness while the woman on the left is bathed in a soft red glow. She describes the horrific procedure of female genital mutation (FGM), undergone by millions of young women each year. The practice, also known as "female circumcision" is equal to removal of half - or more - of the penis. Cultures that practice FGM believe the removal of the clitoris will repress the sexual desire of the woman, thus ensuring she will remain faithful to her husband. FGM is done without anesthesia, in unsanitary conditions, often with a razor or piece of broken glass. FGM has cost hundreds of women their lives. Those that survive, will live a life of excruciating pain - urination, intercourse and childbirth. The crowd remains motionless as the lights go completely dark....

"MY VAGINA IS ANGRY!"

The cry rings through the small auditorium as a bright spot-light appears on This Hour Has 22 Minutes comedienne, Mary Walsh. Walsh continues her rant - from tampons to the coldness of the speculum at the gynecologists - unheeded by laughter from the audience. "Stop shoving wads of cotton up there!" she screams in an near epileptic fit. The audience laughs louder.

The award-winning Vagina Monologues was held at the Music Hall in Toronto from December 5th to January 7th. Canadian celebrities also included Gloria Reuben, Shirley Douglas, Sonja Smits and Chantal Kreviazuk. Guests performed along side Monologue-regulars, Stada Benford and Sherri Lee Parker.

The Vagina Monologues (first published as a book by the same title) is a compilation of first-person stories, based on the more than 200 interviews conducted by writer and playwright, Eve Ensler. Women of all ages and nationalities were asked what



the thought about their vaginas.

"If your vagina could talk, what would it say?"

"If your vagina could dress, what would wear?"

Ensler is right. There seems to be a great deal of embarrassment surrounding the vagina. As one of the opening lines of the Monologues states "...there's so much secrecy surrounding them - like the Bermuda triangle. Nobody reports back from there."

Walsh took on the persona of a cantankerous old woman in her 70s, in one of the funniest monologues. "No, I haven't been down there since 1953." Yet, the old woman opens up to reveal her erotic dreams about Burt Reynolds.

The Monologues has begun touring the world since it started on Broadway four years ago. Countries in Africa, the Middle East, Europe, South America and Asia have held productions of the Vagina Monologues. The production continues in Canada with stops in Montreal, Ottawa and Vancouver this year.

Valentine's Day also marks V-Day (www.vday.org), a movement to end violence against women. An all-celebrity performance of the Vagina Monologues is set to take place at Massey Hall in Toronto on the 14th. This and other performances held on V-Day, will raise money for the V-Day fund.

The Vagina Monologues is worth listening to. It is both funny and frightening. Entertaining and educational.

Example. Facts from Women: An Intimate Geography by Natalie Angier, have been included as part of the Monologues. "The clitoris is the only organ in the body designed purely for pleasure... 8000 nerve fibers... twice, twice the number in the penis," reads Walsh from her stack of cue-cards. "Who needs a had gun when you've got a semi-automatic?" she shouts with glee.

Nina Haikara is an Innis College Student

Introducing Comix: The (Sadly) Invisible Art Form

Introducing Comix: The Invisible Art Form
(or, Comix 101; or, A Comix Primer; or, whatever else sounds good)

by Sean Rogers

Chris Ware's new book, *Jimmy Corrigan: The Smartest Kid on Earth*, is a sprawling and brilliantly-felt examination of our strained relations with our parents and the legacies they leave us. It's as good as most novels I've read from the past decade, and better than most. The thing is, see... it's a comic book - an "illustrated book of views", as Ware oh-so-Victorianly euphemises it - so its many potential readers are going to avoid the thing like it's the freaking plague or, worse, won't realise it exists at all. But then the breaks in comix-land, kiddies: it comes as no surprise and much regret to those serious patrons of the art that the price to be paid for over half a century of incessantly insipid product is public ignorance.

Of course, the intelligent reader's ignorance of this "child's" medium is not absolute. After all, odds are you've encountered Charles Schulz's *Peanuts* in one form or another. Perhaps you're also one of the lucky few

hundred thousand who've been exposed to art spiegelman's *Maus*. These are the two indisputable triumphs of cartooning: the form at its very best, the content at its most touching. My question, then, is this: If you already know how good these comix are, why haven't you been moved to read *more*?

Well, either you *have* been, and have known neither what to look for nor where to find it, or you haven't been, and quite simply have no interest in furthering your knowledge of an art form that just does not appeal. In either case, I hope to help by fostering - or, in the second instance, *creating* - an ongoing interest in one of the most illiterate, puerile, innovative, promising, and intensely rewarding media of today.

And so, dear reader, rather than leave to you the unenviable task of wading through the stinking quagmire that is comics (a term used in distinct opposition to *comix*) - separating the pap from the crap in the vain hope that something better exists - I shall forthwith present a path to solid artistic ground, lighted by a select group of the best and brightest that comix has to offer:

I've already mentioned *Peanuts*, *Maus*, and *Jimmy Corrigan*. The first, for those of you who have never encountered Schulz's endearing blend of cynicism and slapstick

(for shame!), is at times a testament to mean spiritedness, at others a marvel of human kindness and always, *always* very, stingingly funny. (For specific volumes, try *A Golden Celebration* or *Peanuts Jubilee*. *Maus* is another matter entirely, although it shares with *Peanuts* a manner of voicing adult and unmistakably human concerns through strange mouths (Schulz uses children; spiegelman works wonders with the "funny animal" trope). In this case, the Holocaust is presented in all its horror - not in the familiar terms of Nazis and Jews, but in the somewhat problematic terms of cats and mice, and of a father and son struggling to bridge the rifts the massacre has torn. A brief sketch of Ware's novel was given above, but that description did nothing to express Ware's formal inventiveness (a genealogy explained by means of the deconstruction of a single photograph), his effortless plunges into subjectivity (Jimmy meets his estranged father in an airport lounge and fantasises about carving into him with a broken beer mug), and the sheer, intricate beauty of his line-work.

From Hell, written by Alan Moore and illustrated by Eddie Campbell, is nothing short of

mind-blowing – an annoyingly overused superlative, but here almost perfectly apt. Moore constructs a tale of royal intrigue, police conspiracy, class conflict, and historical determinacy, and wraps it in the shroud of a

and a French knot"). Or take his novel, *The Jew of New York*, which is somehow able to make a coherent narrative out of such stuff as the carbonisation of Lake Erie, the theory that American Natives constitute the lost tribes of

more reason for it to be realistic! Obsessive cross-hatching and attention to detail, stories of self-confession, great old music, a disdain for modernity, strange creatures with big asses, and sex, *sex*, *SEX* (usually involving the

conventional treatment of the Jack the Ripper murders, does it? That's because Moore uses these nineteenth-century killings as a mere starting-point from which to examine our twentieth-century mores and obsessions: Moore's Ripper is a precursor of our violent age, a man of science, a man of the future, and a man unquestionably but eerily mad. Campbell's pen shows no hesitation in releasing this madness onto the pages, which come across in streaks and scratches of ink, barely containable by the strict grid-like layout and infrequently mitigated by the rigid architecture of Victorian Whitechapel. When the killer, in the heat of the act or on the verge of breakdown, sees and is terrified by both his gods and ours, Campbell makes it a powerful moment, indeed.

Eddie Campbell – a writer before he was an illustrator – once wrote of Ben Katchor: "Saying what this man's work is about [is] like describing colours to blind people." And once you've familiarised yourself with Katchor, whether through his full-length album *The Jew of New York* or his weekly *Julius Knipf*, *Real Estate Photographer* strip (collected as *Cheap Novelities, Stories, and The Beauty Suppily District*), you begin to see what Campbell's getting at. Consider the title of Katchor's strip: never heard someone profess to be a real estate photographer? Then you've also probably never heard of t h e connoisseur o f



alan moore • eddie campbell

terrifying dream logic: what appears to be a cat might actually be some kind of beaver whose head splits open to surreptitiously reveal his true nature (just a sample of one of Woodring's stories). The draftsmanship is dreamlike, as well: the backgrounds implied only by compulsively wavy lines, the colours swirling into one another in disturbing combinations, and over everything a smoothness and professionalism, adding to the glossy unreality of it all.

To be sure, something of Robert Crumb exists in Woodring's compulsive lines (but show me a modern cartoonist who doesn't have something of Crumb in him

Israel, a dictionary of human excretory sounds, a one-legged opera star, a defamed kosher butcher, and a man in an India rubber suit. Are you seeing the colours yet?

No less indescribable than Katchor's world is that of Jim Woodring's series, *Frank*. It is a world of enormous, malevolent balloons, rips in time and space, mummified ancestors, tiny rhinoceroses, and religiously-confused manhogs, all seen through the eyes of a bipedal, bucktoothed cat. At least I think Frank is a cat. In Woodring's comics, nothing is for certain, since events follow a familiar and

that's Crumb god bless

coming the release film by director Zwigoff, big-shot

all-stars Birch, Renfro, Buscemi. *G h o s t* if you Clowes's novel debuts, have my to brag you were before it popular Here's the



cartoonist): Robert for you, him.

The months see of the new Crumb Terry starring

Hollywood Thora Brad and Steve It's called World, and read Dan graphic before it you may permission about how all into it got all and stuff.

Hollywood concept Thelma and

high pitch: It's *Louise*, but younger, meets *Rebel Without a Cause*, but in the Valley. And if you don't speak movie-exec, it's the story of two teenaged girls just graduated and living in the limbo of the summer before life begins, of the undeniable and unanswerable draw of childhood and the past, of the masking qualities of language, and of how people grow apart. Also worthwhile by Clowes are *David Boring*, about a prototypical twenty-something who nonchalantly faces all manners of subtle apocalypses, and *Caricature*, a collection of nine stories, all told in Clowes's undeplayed, dry style.

I must apologise for the crash course I've given here, replete with vague (but hopefully inciting) descriptions, but even given all the space contained in this paper to work with, I could only begin to rhapsodise about people like Toronto-based autobiographical cartoonists Chester Brown and Seth, or about Scott McCloud's theoretical yet entertaining *Understanding Comics*, or about Walt Kelly's political and poetic *Pogo*, or George Herriman's innovative and musical *Krazy Kat*... I could quite honestly be here all night, folks. So, again: while I must admit it is a pity that I was able to write of so little of what comix has to offer, at least you've come to know a few titles of merit to seek out and read.

Now it's only the improbability of ever finding the damn things that's stopping you.

Sean Rogers is a local hero, a damn fine writer, and an all around cool guy. He enjoys intelligent fiction, movies, the music of Tom Waits and long walks on the beach. Sean also says that The Beguiling (601 Markham, around the corner from Honest Ed's) is the only place that a self respecting person buys their comics. Look for Sean's in depth analysis of Sisgo, LFO, and O-Toni's collective genius in next month's issue. Public stoning to be held after publication...details to be posted.



sampling, see *The R. Crumb Coffee Table Book*) – but unrealistically? Hell! If you're going to show it, show it in all its squishy, rude, realistic (although somewhat exaggerated) glory! Show it up close! Show it as if it were happening! And if it is happening? Well, that's even

A CALL TO ARMS

THE INNIS HERALD FILM MANIFESTO

GABE ELIAS
ASST. FILM EDITOR

Year after year, we at the Herald are faced with a continual problem of staff turnover. This year (like the one's before it in my time at least) has been most typical of all years for the Herald in that once again the Herald must rebuild itself. If you will humour me for a moment I would like to pat ourselves on the back and say that to date this year's film section has been one of the finest that has ever graced our college paper. The massive effort the Editor-in-Chief, Ryan Jacobson, has put into writing articles, recruiting new writers, and securing press screening times has been fantastic. Yet despite the commendable job he has accomplished, we at the Herald are once again facing the problem of staff turnover.

Namely, the editorial staff of this year's Herald is graduating. We have known this fact since the beginning of the school year. Now with second term coming we would like to make this problem an actual issue. As the editors we do not want to see the quality of the Herald's film section diminish. Should next year be yet another 'rebuilding year' for the Herald we feel that all we have accomplished would be for naught. To be honest, the quality of the section may not be particularly great as it is printed right now (I, at least, am proud of this month's extensive coverage of the recent Hollywood films). But while it would be fair to criticize the Herald for supporting the dominant commercial cinema at the expense of the Canadian independents, we would respond that the content chosen for the film section was a deliberate and conscious one based on the availability of press screenings. At the end of last year, Ryan and I sat down and discussed how and what the Herald's film section should be like. The populist slant the section takes is the easiest way for us to ensure the maximum amount of material for the maximum amount of writers.

The section itself has grown from a small piddly three pages contributed by a select few writers to the massive glory you are now reading. We now feel sufficiently comfortable in dealing with layout, editing, publishing, and acquiring submissions to make the following announcement: The Innis Herald Film Section needs more writers. In any given month, we are invited to 10-25 press screenings shared. Ideally, with the repository of talent held could be as many articles as there are contributors we would like to make it widely known (particularly to the Frosh) that we have films that either primary contributors simply to ensure its coverage to see more students get involved so that the

Last term, we were busy struggling with first place and could only place minimal effort into now (somewhat), and we would like to make it College are welcome to participate in creating the

As the editors for this year, we knew our and conventionalize the section's format, content, the future of the section. The success with which batable. Typos and layout problems abound in amateur paper. Some may also disagree with our recognize these criticisms and are doing our best indeed compared to the lack of responsibility we considerable energies expended in getting us to sure the continuity of the section. We would like involved, and have your say, so that we can truly Getting more people involved in the Herald is staff turnover that constantly impedes our paper's

reflect the views and opinions of our readership (assumedly our writer pool comes from our readers).

Ryan and I both graduate this year. Unfortunately we will only be able to witness the further development of the section from the sidelines. Though, we would like the section to continue in the populist manner we have proscribed for this year, we acknowledge the fact that future film section may not reflect our bias. I say this so that any of you who feel deterred in contributing to a commercially oriented paper should not feel excluded. We do not wish to impede future generations of Herald writers. What we have attempted to do this year is institute an editorial policy that can accommodate most people without complicating our lives too much. In particular, we would like to extend a special invitation to the frosh of Innis College and the Cinema Studies program to write for us. You are the future blood of this college and I will burden you with maintaining the tradition of college publications. In my first year I never understood why all the seniors were pestering me to write for the Herald (I had just as soon assumed they were trying, to get into my pants). With graduation around the corner and the prospect of the paper going downhill again, I ask that you get involved now before one of you finds yourself in this exact same predicament.

By the same token, though we have devoted this piece to recruitment, we would like to acknowledge those who have contributed in the past. THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU. The Herald's film section would not be what it is right now without their effort to regularly contribute Ben Wright, Andrew Cook, and Caitlin McKenna have all written hilarious, insightful, and honest pieces. With each issue I look forward to reading what these people have to say and I hope you do too. Though this editorial may sound like it is undervaluing this section's current writers (I hope I have not alienated them- If I have please accept my apologies) this piece was drafted to ensure that those of you who read our pages and want to write for them should feel more than welcome in approaching us. Sometimes I wish I had ESP, but I don't. Therefore I must rely on this piece as a means of ferreting out those of you who want to review films but were afraid to ask. We look forward to the future contributions our core is willing to donate as well as the hidden pearls of talent that are yet to be discovered.

With many fantastic films reviewed by a core of excellent reviewers, we are pleased to present one of the best film sections the Herald has ever produced. We hope this is an example of the good things to come. There is always room for improvement and we welcome new talent to contribute what they can offer. This is our paper and it is only as great as we make it.

If you would like to write for the Herald's film section please e-mail Ryan Jacobson at madworldfilms@hotmail.com or call (416) 424-8673 and leave a message. Gabe Elias's number is (416) 340-9139 and his e-mail address is gabe_elias@hotmail.com. We welcome unsolicited opinion pieces. Though we can't guarantee their inclusion in a given month if we don't know about them ahead of time, feel free to leave them in the Herald's mailbox (located by the Cafeteria Rm. 108). Any questions and comments are welcome and should be directed to the above contacts.

THIS IS OUR PAPER
AND IS ONLY AS GOOD
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MADE GREAT STRIDES
THIS YEAR BUT, WE
NEED MORE PEOPLE TO
STEP FORWARD, GET
INVOLVED AND CON-
TRIBUTE. THIS IS
UofT'S FILM COLLEGE
AND WE ARE DEDI-
CATED TO BUILDING
THE BEST FILM PAPER
ON CAMPUS

responsibilities included three tasks: (1) reform and layout, (2) publish the section, (3) and insure we have completed our first two objectives is develop our pages but such is to be expected from a college content policy of popular material. As it stands we to improve the section. Yet, these faults are minor have exercised in our editorship. So far with the where we wanted to be, we have neglected to en- to rectify that mistake. We implore you now to get build a college film review section of repute. timately the best way to prevent the problem of development. It would also be a means to better

IN DEFENSE OF COSTNER

WITH MEMORIES OF *THE POSTMAN* AND *WATERWORLD* FRESH, THE RECENT RELEASE OF *THIRTEEN DAYS* HARKENS BACK TO A TIME PRIOR TO THOSE FILMS WHEN KEVIN COSTNER MADE GREAT FILMS LIKE *JFK*, *FIELD OF DREAMS* AND *BULL DURHAM*

RYAN JACOBSON
FILM EDITOR

Ten years ago at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles, Kevin Costner went home with Oscar's top best Director and Best Picture for *Dances With Wolves*. The media dubbed him 'St. Kevin' and his next three films, *Robin Hood*, *JFK* and *The Bodyguard*, were huge hits. Somehow, in the subsequent years Costner became a punching bag. So big a punching bag that the mere mention of his name inspired chuckles. This article was planned and partially constructed in this environment and seemed to be a daring and necessary defense. In the mean time *Thirteen Days* has been released to widespread critical and box-office success, relative for a political film, and my daring defense seems capricious. In this light, I will try to fill in Costner's "missing years" and explain what caused his fall.

The first and most plausible reason is that Kevin Costner's time was up and people were sick of him. There is a theory that the average movie star has a five year shelf life and Costner's greatest box-office success was between 1988 to 1992. This doesn't quite hold up because *Waterworld*, due mostly to curiosity over its then record budget, and *Tin Cup*, were modest hits and *Message In A Bottle* and *For Love Of The Game*, his two most recent films, opened big and ran up disappointing tallies due to poor reviews and bad word-of-mouth. Poor films felled Costner, who was his own worst enemy. Costner, the producer, undermined Costner, the actor, and Costner, the director. His fall takes on megascopic when one considers, something that tends to get obscured, the great films of his hot period.

The Early Film Roles

In his working actor years, Costner earned a living in obscure low budget films like *Sizzle Beach U.S.A.* and *The Gunrunner* (playing a Canadian); both a staple of discount video distributors. *Fandango*, a coming of age road trip picture where he has the rare distinction of being in every scene, and *American Flyers*, a cycling film, brought him some notoriety. His big break came in 1986 when Lawrence Kasden, as consolation for cutting Costner's scenes out of *The Big Chill*, wrote him the part of Jake in *Silverado*. The film did well at the box office and, as a whole, fared well with the critics, but the real discovery of the film was Costner who was fresh, energetic and unmannered.

The Hot Period 1987-1992

Silverado allowed Costner to step into big leading roles and brings him into his 'hot period'. 1987 saw him star in both *No Way Out* and *The Untouchables*. No Way Out, a remake of *The Big Clock* co-starring Gene Hackman, is a riveting, taut, labyrinthine political thriller with a cunning, jaw dropping, if completely unnecessary, conclusion. The bad 80's electronic score is unfortunate though. This was followed by Brian DePalma's dazzling *The Untouchables*, which should be seen if only for the Odessa Steps inspired train station shootout. This film has a terrific score by Ennio Morricone, tight, snappy script by David Mamet and bravura cinematography and camerawork. As Elliot Ness, Costner's all-American image was taking form.

In his two baseball-as-metaphor-for-life films, this image was minted. The national pastime, the most elegant, democratic and cinematic of all sports and, like Costner, should not be judge by its recent history. Oscar nominated *Field of Dreams* is one of the most magical and ingeniously constructed fables ever put to film. A disarmingly whimsical film, *Field of Dreams*, an equal to *It's A Wonderful Life*, contributes a rare and valuable father-son story and Costner is pitch perfect as the everyman. In a different but equally effective performance

as Crash Davis, the world weary career minor league catcher, he contributes his most definitive character. The other, *Bull Durham*, is the best film about baseball ever and by extension one of the great sports films ever (*Field of Dreams* was baseball thematically, therefore is strictly a baseball film, although all sports films are by their nature metaphorical). This is due to Ron Shelton's wise, witty and refreshingly adult screenplay.

His follow-up to *Field of Dreams* is in many ways both his greatest achievement and the beginning of his downfall. The ambitious and evocative *Dances With Wolves*, which was predicted to be the kind of flop that *The Postman* was, brought Costner deserved praise as an actor, producer, and director. The director and producer showed rare poise and subtlety for a first time filmmaker. Especially impressive is the attention to detail the film takes. From this success Costner began producing most of his subsequent films. His box-office viability was cemented with the blockbuster *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*, which is an richly mounted, epic and undeniably fun film. However, the distinctly American Costner as British nobleman is only one of many elements that make *Robin Hood* a very uneven effort. Critical praise returned to him with Oliver Stone's controversial masterpiece *JFK*, which marked the third consecutive year Costner appeared in a Best Picture nominated film. *JFK*, at three hours, is a marvel of editing, cinematography and writing, but the film's heart is Costner, as Jim Garrison, who combines idealism, passion, objection and charisma to paint a nuanced portrait. If anyone needs any evidence of the forcefulness of the performance one needs only watch the 25 minute monologue at the end of the film.

The Missing Years 1992-2000

The Bodyguard marked the last film of the hot period but there blood in the water. A manipulative, draggy and emotionless exercise, the Costner produced *The Bodyguard* is weak all around. The film was one of the top grossing films of the year, due in part to the hit Whitney Houston song, but by all rights should have failed. His troubles were compounded when his next two films, *The War* and *A Perfect World*, were critically well received but box-office non-starters. *The War* featured Costner in a sweet and subtle supporting role reminiscent of Atticus Finch in *To Kill A Mockingbird*. The touching family drama is unfortunately lost in the midst of a heavy handed, capricious anti-war allegory set among feuding neighborhood kids. Next, in what is one of Clint Eastwood's best films as a filmmaker, *A Perfect World* casts Costner, against type, as violent, mental scarred but brilliant fugitive who takes a little boy hostage as he attempts to outrun the law. Buried in this wonderful film, that has remained obscure since the day it was released, is Costner's best and most daring performance.

This pattern of noble failures would end with his fall being punctuated by a trio of films - *Wyatt Earp*, *Waterworld* and *The Postman*. *Wyatt Earp*, a frustrating failure, gathered together an impressive array of talent and reunited Costner with *Silverado* director Lawrence Kasden. The film needlessly stretches on for three extraneous hours, when two would have sufficed. However, the biggest problem with the film is the revisionist screenplay that transforms the romantic hero of myth into a cold, obsessed neurotic. Perhaps this is more historically accurate portrayal and Costner's performance may reflect that but neither seems appropriate. Both *Waterworld* and *The Postman* were sloppy, ill-conceived, derivative flops. That being said, only *The Postman* lost money and represents his real lowest point.

The long journey back involved a return to the types of films that made him a star. To this end, he made *Message In A Bottle*, an adult romance in the mold of *The Bodyguard*

and *Bull Durham*, and *For Love Of The Game*, a baseball film. Both don't work for several reason but the primary one is that they are humorless affairs. His early films knew that to get a desired emotional response a film must use humor and drama to compliment one another. Furthermore, each is overlong, too sentimental, unfocused, too reliant on soft focus photography and cast Costner against leading ladies that add little to their roles. This is especially true in *For Love Of The Game*, which wastes great source material and a strong Costner performance, due in part to his proficiency and ease on the baseball field. Costner, for the record, can throw a 70 mph fastball and has demonstrated in Celebrity Homerun derby's that he can hit it out from both sides of the plate.

Given the drop in quality of films from his 'hot period' to his 'missing years' there must be a reason. As a director he's made two films: *Dances With Wolves* and *The Postman*. Each were such polar opposites in terms of craft and success that they effectively cancel each other out. As an actor he won't go in every role, as he is like most mature stars becoming more mannered, but to his credit many of the scripts created innumerable circumstances. Also Costner found success in the midst of the disasters of *Waterworld* and *The Postman* in a reteaming with Ron Shelton in *Tin Cup*, which garnered attention from the Golden Globes and Peoples Choice Awards. No, the common link among Costner's worst films is his role as producer.

For example, let's take a closer look at *The Postman*, a film that people like to mock but most haven't seen. What they find is a film that isn't as bad as its reputation. I saw the film on its opening weekend with a group of friends before it could garner the poor press it did. Although some moments inspired snickers, for the most part people in the theatre didn't mind the film. Indeed, the first two acts are not bad. Unfortunately, in a three hour film a poor third act is an eternity. If this film were 45 minutes shorter, paid more attention to the romance, and developed a more rousing conclusion the film passes a decent allegorical sci-fi film. The main problems of this film, beyond a difficult to adapt novel, are the screenplay and editing which are both were under the stewardship of the producer, Kevin Costner.

In Costner's career he has had two prominent film cycles. He has made three baseball films, the one he had a hand in producing failed. He has played men driven to uphold justice: Elliot Ness, Robin Hood, Jim Garrison, Wyatt Earp. All these films succeeded except Wyatt Earp, which Costner produced. His only critical successes in the missing years, since he began producing his films, were *The War*, *A Perfect World* and *Tin Cup*. The common link among them - these are films he had no role as producer. This trend changed with the triumphant *Thirteen Days*.

The Comeback?

What accounts for the change? The Cuban Missile Crisis and the Kennedy legacy may have been such a daunting task that it demanded respect and subtlety. Possibly, the screenplay was so strong that it resisted the culprits of past Costner flops - excessive length and over sentimentality. Perhaps, *Thirteen Days* was an anomaly. I think the most plausible account would be that he backed off, as he did on his next two films *3000 Miles To Graceland* and an untitled Oliver Stone film where he only acts, and let the other producers mold the film. The next two films are reputed to be fast past and unsentimental.

I don't expect to convert people to liking Costner. He is an actor of limited range but, what must be defeated is the fallacy of judging a career or performer based on their weakest links. In judging Al Pacino on his roles in *The Devil's Advocate* or *Sea of Love*, one would unceremoniously ignore *The Godfather's* and *Serpico*. Similarly, judging Costner on *Waterworld* and *Message In A Bottle*, would negate the remarkable string of films he made, including *JFK* and *Field of Dreams*. Don't take my word for it, discover or rediscover them on your own and be sure to catch the *Thirteen Days* at theatres.

Fandango (85): C- *Silverado* (86): B- *No Way Out* (87): B- *The Untouchables* (87): A- *Bull Durham* (88): A- *Field of Dreams* (1989): A- *Dances With Wolves* (1990): A- *Robin Hood* (91): B- *JFK* (91): A- *The Bodyguard* (92): C- *The War* (93): C- *A Perfect World* (94): A- *Wyatt Earp* (94): C- *Waterworld* (95): D+ *Tin Cup* (96): B+ *The Postman* (97): D+ *Message In A Bottle* (98): D- *For Love of the Game* (99): C+ *Thirteen Days* (00): A

FILM SECTION. COUNTER POINT PITS TWO TO DEBATE A SINGLE FILM. THE FILMS BEN IS ISSUE, CAST AWAY AND TRAFFIC, WERE

RYAN JACOBSON
FILM EDITOR

In 1920, President Woodrow Wilson signed into law The Volstead Act which brought in the age of Prohibition. The law, which was meant to curb immoral behaviour by criminalizing alcohol consumption, proved costly and, ultimately, impossible to enforce. The public had an insatiable taste for alcohol and minorities in large urban centers, such as Al Capone, imported illegal Canadian liquor over the border by the truckload. Some was stopped and seized, most wasn't. In 1980, President Ronald Reagan declared a war on drugs. Substitute alcohol for drugs and the story plays out about the same. In *Traffic*, director Steven Soderbergh weaves several tales of those who use drugs, those who traffic drugs and those who enforce the drug laws.

The complex plot of *Traffic* involves two Mexican narcotics officers Javier Rodriguez Rodriguez (Benicio Del Toro) and Manolo Sanchez (Jacob Vargas), who become the pawn of the cartels vying of Tijuana. The American trafficker for product of the ruling cartel, Carlos Ayala (Steven Bauer), is arrested by American narcotics officers Montel Gordon (Don Cheadle) and Ray Castro (Luis Guzman). Subsequently, the pair are assigned to monitor his wife Helena (Catherine Zeta-Jones) and the family's amorous and conniving attorney (Dennis Quaid). As the trial draws near, the pair are assigned to guard Eduardo Ruiz (Miguel Ferrer), Carlos' number two and the key witness for the prosecution, who is being tracked by a hitman named Francisco Flores (Clifton Collins); another pawn of the competing cartels. Meanwhile, conservative Cincinnati judge Robert Wakefield (Michael Douglas) is appointed to the head of the nation's anti-drug agency, only to discover his daughter, Caroline (Erika Christensen), is an addict.

Traffic is an ingeniously crafted and smart film. Soderbergh has spread his film over a very large canvas with a lot of stories that are, to varying degrees, linked and has created a vivid, exhaustive, and fascinating account of the drug trade. The filmmakers spend a lot of time showing us the wild west atmosphere that plagues Mexican authorities, those few who aren't paid off by the cartels, that know if they expend the effort and money to take down a cartel, another will rise quickly in its place. Their frustration is shared by the American authorities who know if they take down the distributor, another will rise in their place, or the witness and/or distributor will be assassinated. This frustration is perfectly embodied in the soulful and passionate performances of Cheadle, an agent who does his job with vigor despite its futility, and Del Toro, whose genuine thrust for justice is taken advantage of by the cartels.

Adding to the problems of enforcement is the fact that NAFTA has created an unprotected border where transport trucks pass through freely. Money and agents, neither of which are a match for the cartels, seize some product but, the cartels anticipate this and compensate with volume. In charge with overcoming these obstacles is Wakefield, played by Douglas, who, after *Wonderboys*, is in top form with an emotional performance.

Traffic is really two films in one, the large, broad topic

of the drug trade and a set of smaller, personal tales set within this context. The personal tales gain in poignancy by the context within the larger scheme but, the epic scope Soderbergh creates works, to the degree it does, because the smaller personal tales emotionally involve you. What's interesting about this is the variety of emotions that the film pulls out of you, from a combination of revulsion and sympathy, in watching the plight of the Ayala family, to heartbreak, in watching the Wakefield's struggles with their daughter. This is when the film is at its best and most shatteringly honest, especially the Wakefield story, which glues the story together.

Unfortunately, we don't get enough of these stories. Each element of the film is very engaging but, I think *Traffic* is one of those rare films where the whole doesn't add up to the sum of its parts. For that reason, *Traffic* sags a bit around the middle of the film as the film sorts itself out.

That being said, these are minor considerations. *Traffic* is powerful and important and the sort of film families should be sitting down to watch together, especially those with young teens. I think this is supported by the message of the film, which is not that its futile to fight drugs in America, but that the fight must take place person by person, family by family. No large scale governmental initiative will solve the drug problem, which will continue as long as demand fuels supply.

Soderbergh has created the kind of brave film only a filmmaker at the height of his abilities could pull off. *Traffic* combines visual bravura and a keen attention to story and is one of the best films of the year. A-

BENJAMIN WRIGHT
FILM CRITIC

Martin Scorsese has has done it; Paul Thomas Anderson has done it. Now Steven Soderbergh can add his name to the increasing list of directors who make virtually unending films with a jewel at their centre. In *Casino*, Mr. Scorsese exercised the tale of Ace Rothstein into a three-hour mob-fest. Embedded deep within that film is a ninety-minute masterpiece, clinched by outstanding visuals and sublime performances. Mr. Anderson suffered the same fate with last year's *Magnolia*; a film that was applauded for its metaphorical aptitude, but berated for its layering of nine, wholly disparate tales. Within this three-hour mess is another beautiful, lyrical ninety-minute diamond. Like both of these films, *Traffic* tries to say too much, and instead, sacrifices three crisp stories that—when pulled together into one film—do little to deepen the pic's cen-

BORDER CROSSINGS

DOUGLAS AND CO. GRAPPLE WITH THE DRUG TRADE IN STEVEN SODERBERGH'S *TRAFFIC*



tre which is correctly stated by Ryan Jacobson.

Somewhere in Mr. Soderbergh's operatic treatment of the drug trade is a haunting piece of American cinema. Using varying film stocks and lighting techniques, three individual stories are crafted with an undeniable amount of care and precision. *Traffic* is a finely-tuned film when examined as three films. Where *Magnolia* failed was in its broad and visceral attempts to encapsulate a personal philosophy through an endless stream of story-lines. Soderbergh limits himself to three, but with all their pull and promise, it is hard to support them all in one, unadulterated breath.

Mr. Soderbergh is a talented filmmaker with the promise of a young, post-*Jaws* Spielberg. His unique visual style and thoroughly engaging ability to weave complex narratives are visible in his other works, namely *The Limey* and *Out of Sight*. In fact, the "north-south" climate disparities, perceived through different camera filters, are an old Soderbergh trick used primarily in *Out of Sight*. The Mexican sequences are the film's best, compared to the somewhat hoaky family drama of Michael Douglas and his daughter. While the Benicio Del Toro sequences in Tijuana are raw and exacting, the others are over-cooked and flavourless.

Stephen Gaghan's screenplay may be the true loser in this film. As Mr. Soderbergh does his best to paint a vast array of anti-heroes onto his dense filmic canvas he never escapes Mr. Gaghan's ill-conceived panoramic scope.

Traffic is a good film, but like its predecessors, its ambitions outweigh the final product. A-



OPINIONS ARE HIS OWN AND HE DOES NOT REPRESENT THE VIEWS OF MANY OF OUR CRITICS. SOME ARE MODERATE LIBERALS AND SOME ARE EVEN CONSERVATIVES. ANY ASSUMPTION THAT BECAUSE WE ARE STUDENTS WE HAVE SIMILAR BELIEFS IS WRONG.

- RYAN JACOBSON, EDITOR

O' BROTHER, THAT'S CLASSIC!

COEN'S PAY HOMAGE TO HOMER & HOLLYWOOD IN *O' BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?*



KAREN LIU
FILM CRITIC

This film is at once an adventure film, a crime drama, a comedy, a romance, a western, a gangster film, and a musical. Extremely entertaining on its own, just seeing the stars George Clooney, Tim Blake Nelson and John Turturro sing and dance bluegrass is a treat in itself. However, to the uninitiated, its rich intertextuality will fly over their heads like our three protagonists in their escape from the chain gang. Loaded like a Redneck's shotgun, *O' Brother, Where Art Thou?*'s references are wide and varied, ranging from classical Greek drama to Classical Hollywood to the Art Cinema.

In *O' Brother, Where Art Thou?*, Joel and Ethan Coen takes Homer's "The Odyssey" and launches it into Depression-era Mississippi. They also deliver the film that fictional director John L. Sullivan wanted to make in Preston Sturges' 1942 classic, *Sullivan's Travels*. In the Sturges film, loosely based on the Jonathan Swift classic "Gulliver's Travels," Sullivan is a director born with a silver spoon in his mouth intent on making the socialist and completely fictional novel "O' Brother, Where Art Thou?" into a film.

In the same way that Sturges looked to literature, the Coens turned to Homer for their inspiration. George Clooney, looking very much like a modern day Clark Gable, stars as Ulysses Everett McGill, the philosophical, smooth talking, Dapper Dan hair pomade obsessed petty criminal. He convinces the other two criminals chained to him to escape, and promises them a portion of a hidden treasure he knows of. Their flight for freedom and fortune lead them through several adventures and mishaps, as well as encounters with many different characters along the way. And naturally, Fate continuously thrusts in its intervening hand throughout the journey.

The Coens' take on *O' Brother, Where Art Thou?* is twisted and surreal. Characters pop in and out of the plot and spontaneously break into song, yet in a controlled and integrated manner. There are bits of slapstick comedy, and the witty dialogue comes as fast as the bullets from George "Babyface" Nelson's Tommy gun. As this is actor/director Tim Blake Nelson's first major role, his performance as sweet and simple Delmar

O BROTHER,
WHERE ART THOU?
Dir. Joel Coen
George Clooney
Touchstone

O'Donnell is sure to catapult him into the Hollywood spotlight. He actually sings on the film's soundtrack as well. John Turturro as Pete Hogwallop, produces a strange, hokey hillbilly lacking a few screws, and George Clooney delivers a surprisingly slick performance. The trio's tightness is essential to the film, and they work together with masterful timing. *O' Brother, Where Art Thou?*, given the film's musical and epic nature, is very much an ensemble effort and this harmony between the cast members give the film its much needed smoothness with what otherwise would have been a bulky and troublesome movie. For this reason, the Coens wisely band the film around the trio as a team, and not on Clooney alone.

The music is an essential element to the film. Based on traditional American folksongs and bluegrass, the music is very much a part of the world of the film. For example, when our three heroes wander to the riverside, drawn by the sound of the Sirens singing, and become captivated, the soundtrack swells powerfully with the voices of Alison Krauss, Emmylou Harris, and Gilliam Welch. The audience too, is seduced by the Sirens' song. There is never an instant where the source of the music is not somewhere onscreen.

Roger Deakins' cinematography captures the epic nature of the *Odyssey* and yet brings the audience down to the Sunny South, by using grand, sweeping landscape shots and bright yellow filters.

After a season of brainless, action flicks, this is an intelligent adventure that stimulates as well as entertains. Part of the entertainment comes just from watching how the Coens transform such a revered text into a rollicking movie. The Muse has truly spoken through Joel and Ethan. B+

DREAM WEAVERS

GIBSON & CAGE GET WARM AND FUZZY IN *WHAT WOMEN WANT* & *THE FAMILY MAN*



RYAN JACOBSON
FILM EDITOR

I remember as a child reading a series of Marvel comics called "What If..." that would propose alternate realities to established Marvel heroes. This series, which existed outside the continuity of any given series, would feature stories like "what if the X-Men were villains?" or "what if Spiderman was replaced by a clone years ago and didn't know it?". In the spirit of these reality bending stories, this last year has seen Hollywood, in the form of underrated gems *The Kid* (what if you could meet yourself as a child?) and *Frequency* (what if you could call your dead father in the past?), christen a cycle of adult, male oriented "what if" pictures.

This holiday season welcomes two disappointing pictures to the canon in *The Family Man* and *What Women Want*. Each film features self centered, flawed men who, through extraordinary circumstances, acquire a more enlightened view of the world and set out to change their ways. Unfortunately, neither is well developed enough to exploit their clever premises and both are maddeningly uneven - one is too sentimental and one isn't sentimental enough.

In *The Family Man*, whose poster carries the ironic tag

line "what if...", Nicolas Cage plays Jack Campbell, a wealthy, single, driven Wall Street deal maker whose life revolves exclusively around money and business. He is busy putting together a multi-billion dollar merger when his college sweetheart Kate, played by Tea Leoni, leaves a message on his answering machine on Christmas Eve. Years earlier, Jack left for an internship in London, despite a teary-eyed Kate imploring him to stay. What was supposed to be one year has become thirteen. Through a mysterious intermediary named Cash (Don Cheadle), Jack wakes up Christmas morning with Kate and their two kids and is allowed to see what his life would be like if he had not gone to London.

The Family Man, which is essentially a cross between *A Christmas Carol* and *It's A Wonderful Life*, starts out promising but doesn't create a strong core to hold the various comic and dramatic moments together. In the opening sequence, director Brett Ratner wisely doesn't make Jack overtly Scrooge-like; he's driven and shallow, not angry and cruel. Once he's placed in his alternate reality, his initial reaction, and the first few subsequent episodes, are well drawn, genuine and funny. Cage is very good at expressing Jack's frustrations in adapting to his new middle class, suburban existence. By that same token, Leoni, who doesn't appear in enough films, is terrific as his confused and patient wife.

Despite this, the film begins to lose momentum around the middle as Jack, all too slowly, changes his stripes. The awkwardly paced second half of the film has Jack continuing to try and recapturing the worldly goods and excesses of his former life when he should be at a point where the simple virtues of family life begin to appeal to him. When he does finally change, it's jarring and unconvincing. One of the results of this is that *The Family Man*, which is at times rather joyless, lacks an emotional center and needs to be more sentimental. For example, in the final scene, Jack unpacks his heart to Kate in this long speech, which seems designed to convince the viewer to feel something, when a few words and a passionate kiss should have sufficed.

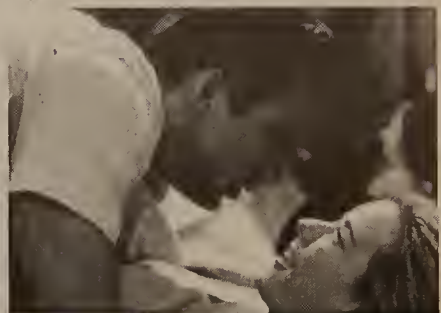
In *What Women Want*, we have an initially funny comedy that sabotages itself by unwisely opting for schmaltz

in the second half of the film. Nick Marshall (Mel Gibson) is a charming, womanizing ad-executive who is fast becoming a dinosaur in a world where young professional females are more often becoming the target demographic of advertisers. Nick is passed over for promotion in favour of Darcy Maguire (Helen Hunt) an outsider hired to reach this demographic. While attempting to get inside the female mind Nick is electrocuted and endowed with the ability to hear women's thoughts. Meanwhile, Jack's teenage daughter Alex (Ashley Johnson) comes to stay with him.

The first half of *What Women Want* hits all the right notes. The perceptive screenplay has a lot of fun watching Jack discover the pros and cons of knowing what women are thinking. Then, inextricably, the film stops playing for laughs in the second half of the film. In this portion, the film makes little use of Nick's power, except for an extraneous sub-plot involving a lonely office assistant, and settles into an unimaginative romance between Nick and Darcy.

What *What Women Want* should have realized is that for a man, the only thing more perplexing than women in general is their teenage daughters. This is especially true in Nick's case, as he attempts to broker a closer relationship with his daughter, who has taken to calling him "Uncle Dad". The scenes between Gibson and Johnson, who is very endearing, are funny warm and keenly observed. Unfortunately, this sub-plot is disjointed and Johnson disappears for large portions of the film. *What Women Want* should have been more daring and made this the focus of the second half of the film.

With engaging actors and themes, both *What Women Want* and *The Family Man* are frustrating, tonally uneven misfires. *The Family Man*: C *What Women Want*: C+



WHAT WOMEN WANT

Dir. Nancy Meyers
Mel Gibson, Helen Hunt
Paramount Pictures

THE FAMILY MAN
Dir. Brett Ratner
Nicolas Cage, Tea Leoni
Universal Pictures



THE PLEDGE

Dir. Sean Penn

Jack Nicholson, Robin Wright Penn
Warner Bros.

BENJAMIN WRIGHT

Marking his third directorial effort—after 1991's *The Indian Runner* and the 1995 Jack Nicholson-vehicle *The Crossing Guard*—Sean Penn returns to the existential landscape with the magnanimous opus, *The Pledge*. Crossing similar thematic paths with his previous outings, Mr. Penn builds a formidable character study on top of a more traditional *who-dunit* detective film.

Despite the misleading marketing ploys by its studio parent, Warners, the picture is an unabashedly raw and pungent tale which forsakes the seasoned pot-boilers of the genre for a home-spun character study of a man on the brink of madness. His name is Jerry Black (Jack Nicholson) and is a respected police detective just minutes away from retirement. A quietly unsympathetic hero, Black—played with sheer brilliance by the iconic Nicholson—involves himself in the investigation of a child homicide in his rural Nevada hometown. The sleepy woods come alive with master-lensner Chris Menges' stunning photography while Black internalizes his frustrations with the all-to-simple case.

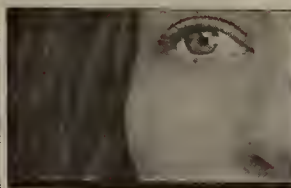
After a retarded Indian, played by an unrecognizable Benicio Del Toro, is charged with the crime and later commits suicide, the local police is more than willing to file the

case away under the *solved* banner. Unconvinced and fuelled by his own pledge to the little girl's parents that he will find the victim's killer, Black embarks on a minor crusade. While the case remains in a murky purgatory, Black's own journey takes him to a run-down gas station, which he later purchases in order to keep a watchful eye out for the killer. Met by a waitress named Lori (Robin Wright Penn) with a chipped tooth and matted hair, Black discovers she has a daughter who matches the profile of the previous victims.

Black sees potential victims and killers everywhere: the local church, the gas station, the country road. But Mr. Penn's narrative does not depend on the foreseeable outcome, for the picture's episodic structure is a lament on male defeats. Jerry Black has seen it all and his demons have waited this long to pay him a visit. Mr. Penn alternates the *who-dunit* structure with breathtakingly serene shots of Black fishing, driving, and waiting. It is never sure what or who he is waiting for—perhaps the killer or perhaps a sign for him to move on with his middle-class life.

Jack Nicholson's superbly understated performance, the best of 2001 so far, is matched by a string of strong supporting players including one-sceners by Helen Mirren, Mickey Rourke, and Vanessa Redgrave in a powerful turn as a victim's grandmother.

Mr. Penn's abundant use of visual metaphors add a striking richness to the slight script by husband-and-wife team Jerzy and Mary Kromolowsky (adapted from the story by mystery writer Friedrich Dürrenmatt). The bestial nature of humanity, represented by a herd of cattle in one scene, foreshadows not only Jerry Black's fall from grace, but also the complexity and inconclusiveness of a murder investigation. The picture is both real and imaginary: true to life and yet dreamlike. For some the pacing may be a bit trying, but the patient viewer will be rewarded. A-



THE GIFT

Dir. Sam Raimi

Cate Blanchett, Katie Holmes
Paramount Classics
CAITLIN MCKENNA

In the latest Sam Raimi film, *The Gift*, Cate Blanchett plays Annie Wilson, a small-town fortune-teller whose psychic abilities end up legally and emotionally embroiling her in a local murder/kidnapping. Until seeing the film, I never imagined that I shared Annie's amazing ability. Incredibly, however, the ending "appeared" to me at the beginning of the film's third act, and by the time the final credits rolled, my premonition was fulfilled. I was convinced I was psychic.

I mean, the only alternative explanation for this event is that with *The Gift*, screenwriters Billy Bob Thornton and Tom Epperson have penned a "Mystery-Thriller" with a deficient mystery at its core. Sadly, after the subsequent loss of my student loan to a "psychic hunch" about a poker hand, I fear the latter explanation may bear a bard touch.

However, aside from this rather party-poopng flaw, *The Gift* is not all that bad. It's got a great, creepy setting among the murky swamps, gothic willow trees and small-town prejudices of the Deep South. It's got some frilkin' scary moments, delivered by veteran spookster Raimi (*Evil Dead*, *Darkman*), who knows how to carry a tense scene to its logical end. And, of course, it's got sex (a little) and violence (the horrific kind), both of which add that je-ne-sais-quoi to every Hollywood production worth its salt.

The acting front is a mixed bag. In the "unwatchable" category we find Keanu Reeves as Donny Barksdale, the racist, wife-beating stalker at the centre of the murder trial. Joining him there is our generation's most overrated actor, Katie Holmes—her tepid performance, however, is given a significant boost by the onscreen debut of her near-flawless breasts. Holmes' wise decision to add nudity to the repertoire may just end up extending her career by an additional fifteen minutes.

Moving up the ladder, we find Oscar-winner Hilary Swank, sadly wasted in her one-note performance as Donny's long-suffering wife. Giovanni Ribisi plays Buddy, the half-demented-yokel-with-the-heart-of-gold he does so well. Finally, Greg Kinnear does a fair job as the romantic interest, but it's Cate Blanchett, as the widowed single mom trying to do the right thing, who ends up carrying the film. Blanchett is in almost every scene of *The Gift*, and she's riveting throughout: a movie star in the best sense of the word. She brings real class to an otherwise fairly forgettable movie: see it just to catch her performance. And Katie Holmes' breasts. B-



MALENA

Dir. Giuseppe Tornatore
Monica Bellucci
Alliance Atlantis
CHRIS TURNER

The story begins in 1940. Taken from a partially autobiographical tale by Luciano Vincenzoni, Italian director Giuseppe Tornatore (Cinema Paradiso) brings an unforgettable tale to the screen. *Malena* opens as Italy prepares to enter the War. A Sicilian boy, Renato Amoroso, suddenly falls in love with a beautiful woman simply known to the small village as Malena (played by Monica Bellucci, former Dolce and Gabbana model).

Before I had even seen the movie there were raves of this being the surprise foreign film that will sneak into this year's Academy Awards. That may happen, however, there are two things to note - first, this time there is thankfully no Roberto Benigni and two, since it is an Italian film, there is subtleties. That being said, it is not dialogue heavy and makes for very easy viewing or reading.

This movie is so unlike anything else you will have seen this year. It takes you on a strange emotional journey as you watch the 12-year old Renato dive into his comic, new found sexuality. In Renato's erotic fantasies, mostly in a vintage black-and-white, Malena turns into the protagonist of a sentimental drama or western. She becomes Cleopatra and the Holy Mary, in a comic and ironic counterpoint to the need of the moment.

However, you sympathize with the woman, who remains a mysterious and painful character. She is lonely and her new husband is gone to fight in the war, leaving her alone in a small village. From the lonely strolls of this beautiful woman up and down Castelforte's main street she is followed by men's cat calls and concupiscent eyes, and the women's envious gossiping. She becomes isolated in this cruel environment, which is proven so by the very violent assault Malena suffers at the hands of the whole town at the end of the War. You can't help feeling for a woman who continuously suffers for nothing.

I can't explain what an unusual experience this is. As I sat in my seat I was thrown into this relatively unexplored world of comedy and tragedy. This is not a Hollywood film, and that is not a bad thing. This movie will surely enjoy success throughout North America, furthering the respect desired and needed by Italian cinema. Give it a chance, and you just might enjoy it. B+

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STATE AND MAIN

Dir. David Mamet

Alec Baldwin, William H. Macy
Odeon Pictures

BENJAMIN WRIGHT

The pitch meeting for *State and Main* must have gone something like this: "A big-budget Hollywood film crew marches into sleepy Waterford, Vermont... and before long reputations are ruined, personalities are exposed, and the truth about Tinseltown is revealed!"

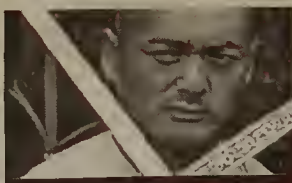
Leave it to David Mamet, the sharp playwright-turned-director, to expose the underbelly of an industry in dire need of a facelift. But Mr. Mamet only cuts through the translucent layer of Hollywood's skin. He leaves an entire sub-culture of obsessed fans, volatile extras, and belligerent prima donnas out of his socially-minded farce.

Mr. Mamet's relatively tame script borrows liberally from the iconic references of modern celebritydom. There's the overpaid, over-sexed male lead, Bob Barringer (Alec Baldwin); the buffy female lead whose conscience gets the best of her limited acting ability (Sarah Jessica Parker); the pretentious screenwriter (Philip Seymour Hoffman) who can only write on a manual typewriter; and the tight-fisted wrath of a Prada-wearing executive (David Paymer). Together, these types interact in typical Mamet fashion: they revel. Sometimes they revel in each other, other times they revel in themselves. In either case, Mr. Mamet provides spirited dialogue and a handful of quirky observations to make this static photoplay a moving winner. For instance, how do you imagine a film set in the 19th century deals with the product placement of a dot.com business? The result is both kitschy and clever.

Just when the film's director, Walt Price (William H. Macy), thinks his "prestige picture" is doomed, he encounters the surreal inhabitants of Waterford, Vt. Executed like a British sex farce complete with slamming doors, the fictional film crew must contend with a power-hungry mayor, a shyster lawyer determined to shut down production, and a submissive bookstore owner (played by David Mamet's wife, Rebecca Pidgeon).

The film's plot is almost as ridiculous as its fictional counterpart, minus the period feel. If Mr. Mamet gets points it's in his no-holds-barred attempt at uncovering the myths and stereotypes of the Hollywood elite. Admittedly, the film isn't entirely unique or fresh, considering we get our fair share of Tinseltown gossip from "Entertainment Tonight" and "The Enquirer".

Mr. Mamet's casting is, however, on target. Alec Baldwin douses his character with affable charm and ego to spare. William H. Macy and Philip Seymour Hoffman paymer in their respective roles. But it is David Paymer as Marty Rossen, the cut-throat producer from "the coast," who steals the picture. His hyper-real line-readings and slick wardrobe turn his usual sheepish persona into one of a blood-thirsty wolf. B+



CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON

Dir. Ang Lee
Chow Yun Fat, Michelle Yeoh
Sony Classics
KAREN LIU

Touted as the film to watch for, much media attention has been given to this film and it is well deserved. Based on the novel by Du Lu Wang, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* covers only a small portion of the book. Watch out for the upcoming prequel and sequel to the movie that will reveal the other parts of the novel that were not addressed.

Chow Yun Fat stars as the famed Wudan warrior Li Mu Bai, who asks Yu Shu Lien (Michelle Yeoh) to give his legendary 400 year-old Green Destiny Sword to Sir Te in an effort to find inner peace. The sword is stolen from Sir Te, and the quest begins to regain the sword from the bandit that stole it. Zhang Ziyi, making her international debut as Jen, is incredible a young woman who must decide between duty as Governor Yu's daughter and her true desires.

In *Crouching Tiger*, though they are trained in Wudan (a martial art descended from Tai Chi), freedom remains the elusive object of desire craved by the main characters. Physically freed from the laws of gravity and space, as demonstrated by their weightless leaping, the characters are bound only by their own inner struggles and the fights are with their personal demons, rather than with one another.

Contrary to popular belief, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* is not an action flick. Yes, it does contain incredible displays of martial arts (stunningly choreographed by Yuen Wo-Ping of *The Matrix* and Jet Li fame), including some astonishing balletic duels along the walls of Peking and in the midst of a forest. This movie is first and foremost a fairy tale. It follows in the path of the traditional Chinese fantasy-based literature called "Wuxia," involving warriors who not only trained in their combat skills but also in philosophy and meditation.

Don't expect the blood and violence of typical low budget action movies, true martial arts were concerned with the rhythm and beauty of duelling. One particular poignant moment contains a battle scene in a restaurant with the heroine making up and reciting a poem as she vanquishes her foes, a nod to the traditional form and beauty of Chinese literature and art. Peter Pau's cinematography is an art in itself, with the splendid landscape and handheld shots, the camera captures action and beauty uncommon to Hollywood.

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon demands to be seen on the bigscreen to be fully appreciated. To

wait for it on video, is like turning down an invitation to a banquet in favour of fast food.

A-



ALL THE PRETTY HORSES

Dir. Billy Bob Thornton
Matt Damon, Penelope Cruz
Columbia Pictures
CAITLIN MCKENNA

How's this for a sure thing: take a Pulitzer-prize winning novel, turn it into a film combining the "dying-days-of-an-era" theme of *The Last Picture Show* with glorious, classic Western landscapes. Shoot it all in the neverending golden-hour light of Terence Mallick's *Badlands*, throw in a respected director and an ensemble of talented older actors and good-looking younger ones. What emerges is a lush, engaging art film with Oscar written all over it. Right?

Wrong. The latest from director Billy Bob Thornton, *All the Pretty Horses*, has every one of these ingredients, but all the depth and magic of an overlong Marlboro commercial—Welcome to Maudlin Country. Somewhere along the way to making this film, something essential went missing.

It could be the two full hours that Billy Bob removed from his original cut: plot mechanics are certainly foregrounded to the detriment of character development in this version. Or is the problem the miscasting of the lead with Matt Damon, who looks great as a cowboy, but brings little more to the role. Finally, it could be Billy Bob's fixation on close-ups that ultimately stifles his actors and leaves his audience begging for subtlety.

Based on the novel by Cormac McCarthy, *Horses* is set in 1949 Texas, in the last days of the pre-anachronistic cowboy era. Young John Grady Cole (Matt Damon), is about to lose his home after his urbane mother sells their ranch. With his friend Lacey Rawlins (Henry Thomas), he crosses the border into Mexico to look for work and adventure. Along the way, the pair picks up a young runaway (*Sling Blade*'s Lucas Black), who steals a horse and gets them into trouble with the law. Later Cole falls for the beautiful Alejandra (Penelope Cruz), which gets her and Lacey into trouble with her father, also their rancher boss. These events become a harsh coming-of-age story that takes the boys into the Mexican penal system and face-to-face with death.

The surreal beauty of the visuals and slow pacing of the film give it a dreamlike feeling that at times borders on the comatose. The one scene that really comes to life takes place in Mexico, when Cole and Rawlins get in the ring to break some wild horses. It's wonderful and energetic, but as a consequence ends up making what comes before and after seem, well, boring.

What the hell happened here? *All the Pretty Horses* could have been saved by cutting either more or less from it. As it is, somebody take this movie out back and put it out of its misery. C-



DRACULA 2000

Dir. Patrick Lussier
Jonny Lee Miller, Jeri Ryan
Alliance Atlantis
ANDREW COOK

Take it from me: I know absolutely nothing, about a lot of shit. I can't solve a Rubik's cube I can't keep a girl from laughing after she sees me naked. Hell, I can't even get a girl to see me naked. But horror movies...me and horror movies go together like Steve Jug and politics. That said, my biases exposed, know that if a movie has blood and monsters I'm gonna have a pretty good time.

Watching *Dracula 2000* that's exactly what happened: every so often my thoughts sang "If only they had..." (insert graphic death scene here), and twice I was more preoccupied with my long distance savings than with the screen, but I certainly didn't lament the loss of my \$5.75.

Be forewarned though, Wes Craven merely presents this modern update, with didactic duties going to Patrick Lussier, who cut his teeth on such similar fare as *Prohecy 3*. Essentially, this means is that any horror fans' inevitable erection at seeing Craven's name attached is premature. Lussier does an average job, and even creates some very pleasing fight sequences, not to mention a some times extraordinary usage of auditory devices (Nothing sounds better than a moaning vampire lesbian.)

The prancing and big-haired romance usually surrounding this tale is stricken from the script, and this modern *Dracula* seems concerned only with piercing girls' necks with his teeth and piercing girls' bellies with his stake. This could've worked, if the casting director hadn't apparently been a raving alcoholic and made the Jim Beam-induced decision to hire Gerani Buter. This no-jawline-having White Lion throwback is neither scary nor sexy.

Johnny Lee Miller (*Transporting*) plays the man forced to track down the Count and delivers his lines with certain indifference. The only spark left in Miller restricts itself to the *Matrix*-influenced fight sequences, the film's crowning achievement. I couldn't help but fantasize about the greatness if only Miller with his strong chin, deep eyes, and an ass that is just poured into his Levi's, had instead sought out the title role.

To the credit of the handful of screenwriters there are a couple of intriguing plot devices. The tie to the Stoker tale is grotesquely entertaining, and the twist at the end which is sure to have sensible viewers laugh

ing aloud, is original and implausible enough to satisfy a man of my needs. Luckily, my needs don't include a tightly written plot, superior acting, deft direction, or overly original material. Hell, if I had a bag of Cheetos, a case of beer, and some hand lotion, I could watch vampire lesbians all day long. B-



A HARD DAYS NIGHT

Dir. Richard Lester
The Beatles
Alliance Atlantis
RYAN JACOBSON

When The Beatles arrived on the stage of the Ed Sullivan show in the summer of 1964, Kennedy had been shot November of the previous year. America had lost its innocence and found itself in an increasingly bloody and costly war in Vietnam. The Beatles provided a vital shot of adrenaline and optimism to America, and the world, and the madness that ensued was unprecedented by previous and current standards. Released later that year, at the height of Beatlemania, *A Hard Day's Night*, the first and best Beatle film, captured wonderfully the manic energy of the period.

A Hard Day's Night is a black-and-white mock-documentary style look at 24 hours in the life of the Beatles. In one of the great opening sequences in film history, *A Hard Day's Night* begins with the Beatles being chased in the streets by a throng of fans. The burst of energy engendered from the first, discordant note from the infectious title theme, is boundless and the film never lets up. From there we follow the mop tops onto the train for a television appearance in London.

Beyond the music, which includes a joyous performance of 'I Should Have Known Better' in a box car, the film is relentlessly funny. Screenwriter Alun Owen, whose screenplay earned him an Oscar nomination, traveled with the band and wonderfully captures each member's personality—from Ringo's Chaplinesque performance to John's cutting cynicism.

Aiding their cause is the pitch perfect direction of Richard Lester (*Superman II*), who keeps the film moving at a dizzying pace and pioneers the editing which is now commonplace in videos and concert films. This trailblazing bravura is most evident in the electrifying climactic concert, replete with fainting, screaming and crying girls. In *A Hard Day's Night*, Lester has created an ageless film that is as modern, vital and relevant today as it was 36 years ago: a great film for anyone who likes to have a good time at the movies and an indispensable one Beatles fans. A-

The Beatles followed-up *A Hard Day's Night* with the Richard Lester directed *Help!* (1965), which contained the requisite great score but lacked the unity and craft of its predecessor. The opulent and over-the-top production, which betrays *Night's* narrative simplicity, is burdened by awkward plotting and pointless, only sporadically funny, episodes. This tendency pervades their third film *Magical Mystery Tour* (1967), which The Beatles, mostly McCartney, directed. This indulgent avant-garde mess is rescued by a wonderful score. Their final narrative film is the eye-popping, exuberant animated gem *Yellow Submarine* (1968). Help: B- *Magical Mystery Tour*: C *Yellow Submarine*: B+



SNATCH

Dir. Guy Ritchie
Brad Pitt, Benicio Del Toro
Columbia Pictures
BEN MURRAY

Snatch is director Guy Ritchie's much-hyped follow-up to 1998's *Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels*. In the tradition of Ritchie's last effort, *Snatch* is a dark, comedic gangster film, only this time around an 86 karat diamond (rather than two antique rifles) is at the center of the plot.

It is impossible to consider *Snatch* without drawing comparisons to *Lock/Stock*, and Ritchie has stated openly that his latest film expands upon the elements which worked in his last one. Ritchie's skill as a director has indeed evolved, as he employs a whirlwind encyclopedia of style from start to finish.

Unfortunately his skill as a writer appears to have remained in neutral. The film is inhabited by a cast of boxing promoters, Russian mobsters, jewelry dealers, Orthodox Jews, gypsies, man-eating pigs and a squeaking dog, and while the whole lot provide colour, and humour, the story lacks a true protagonist to center the action. It seems Turkish (Jason Statham), as the narrator of the film, or even his sidekick Tommy (Stephen Graham) would be natural choices to fill this much-needed role, but as the story progresses, we as the audience receive very little in the way of emotional background and motivation which would lead us to "root" for either of these characters.

Out of everyone, One Punch Mickey O'Neal, played brilliantly by Brad Pitt (whose performance is one of the highlights of *Snatch*, and is anything but secondary), provides us with the only full-bodied character within the film. At the very least we can understand why and how he acts, even if we can't understand a word he says.

For all that is wrong with *Snatch* though, there is undeniably a great deal which is right. Benicio Del Toro turns in yet another brilliant, but brief characterization as Frankie Four Fingers. And the film reaches its dramatic climax with a boxing sequence that will surely make Scorsese himself quiver with envy.

When all is said and done, *Snatch* is still one of the most entertaining films to be released in a while, and is well worth seeing, at the very least for the joy of seeing actors truly enjoying themselves on screen. It seems this is yet another unfortunate case of a director over-extending himself when given further access to resources and money in his sophomore effort.

Snatch is a bit like a disappointing re-match to an intense and beautiful first fight (*Lock/Stock*). Rather than delivering a quick, knock-out punch, *Snatch* instead offers a dizzying blow good only for a standing eight count. B



SAVE THE LAST DANCE

Dir. Thomas Carter
Julia Stiles, Sean Patrick Thomas
Paramount Pictures
CAITLIN MCKENNA

Do you give a movie points for trying? If so, friends, then it must be said that the latest teen release to hit the screens, *Save the Last Dance*, is actually, well, kind of good.

Let me qualify that. It's good within the company it keeps—that is, members of the constant slew of vacuous teen romance/comedy clones that pop up every few months before being laid to rest in the Morgue of Mediocrity. There's a limit to the "goodness" of any film where the ending is obvious to any chimp in the theatre before the opening credits end. But what's interesting is what happens in between.

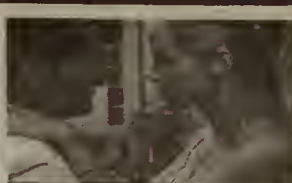
We start off on a train with mopey Sara Johnson (Julia Stiles), who's sad because her mom was killed in a car accident while rushing to see Sara's ballet audition. Ridden with guilt and definitely not in the mood to dance, Sara moves in with her estranged dad in Chicago. On the first day at her all-black high school, she's taken under the wing of Chenille Reynolds, (Kerry Washington), who shows her the ropes and invites her to "Steps", a weekly hip-hop dance party. Sara also meets Chenille's brother, Derek (Sean Patrick Thomas).

After witnessing her cracker moves at "Steps", he offers to teach her to dance hip-hop, and, in a funny sequence, gives her tips how to act 'black'. It's worth mentioning that Derek is perfect: smart, good-looking, emotionally mature and on his way to becoming a paediatrician (he, um, loves kids). The only smudge on his character is a long-ago theft with his best friend, Malakai. Sara falls for Derek, but-gasp- troubles ensue and divide them. If you can't figure out the rest, ask the chimp.

Stiles and Thomas are both passably talented, but fail to ignite any real chemistry. In the dance sequences, over-editing stifles the sexual energy produced by their moves. In the rest of the film, the two barely hug; they come off seeming like really good buddies.

So what's the good part? First of all, it's nice to see a film with a predominantly black cast that isn't totally self-congratulatory about it. Secondly, except for perfect Derek, the teenagers look and act like teenagers—they're not models or Kevin Williamson mini-adults, and the scenes where they're all just hanging out are a pleasure. Finally, real issues surrounding deadbeat dads, teenage pregnancy and the politics of interracial romance actually do get screen time. But the effect is deadened by each and every one of them being resolved by the film's end. What's up with that?

I indeed. *Save the Last Dance* borders on something interesting, but can't commit. See it if you need to pass some time. C+



SUGAR AND SPICE

Dir. Francine McDougall
Marley Shelton, Mena Suvari
Alliance Atlantis
KAREN LIU

Canadian novelist Gordon Korman once wrote to the effect of, "If you keep adding sugar to coffee, sooner or later it will end up tasting like diesel fuel." This is exactly what happens in Aussie director Francine McDougall's Hollywood debut about cheerleaders who rob a bank. Following the fikes of the Spice Girls, Britney Spears, and Christina Aguilera, *Sugar and Spice* attempts to capitalize on the "Girl Power" trend begun by these teen girl pop stars. Its effect

is like that of the Chinese Water Torture: drip after excruciating drip with madness the only source of relief.

The film unfolds through a series of flashbacks, with B-squad cheerleader Lisa (played by Maria Sokoloff of ABC's "The Practice") being a police informant, dishing the inside dirt on the seemingly ultra perfect A-squad cheerleaders. The story centers around two cheerleaders: perky Diane (AKA "the Mastermind"), captain of the squad, played by Marley Shelton who resembles Heather Graham's starlet from *Boufingier*, and and dark and angry Kansas (AKA "the Rebel"), played by *American Beauty's* Mena Suvari in yet another cheerleading role. The rest of the squad is comprised of Luey "the Brain," Cleo "the Stalker," Hannah "the Virgin," and Fern "the Terminator." Add "Spice" to their aliases, and you get the general picture.

These girls plot to pull a bank heist so that the pregnant Diane could have enough money to support the family that she and star quarterback Jack Bartlett (James Marsden in a role just as brief and insignificant as his outing in last summer's *X-men*) had "accidentally" started. This flimsy plotline is really just a mechanism to hold together the small vignettes documenting the lives of these cheerleaders. When not performing Bushy-Berkeley-meets-the-Spice-Girls dance routines or being flung up into the air in some notable gymnastic stunts, they host girly slumber parties, as well as research films such as *Point Break*, *Reservoir Dogs*, and *Heat* in order to learn how to successfully rob a bank.

Besides the complex dance routines, the only other redeeming quality is found in Robert Brinkmann's cinematography, particularly to the slow-motion shots of the girls disguised as pregnant Betty Dolls, with their American Flag capes lying behind them when they bopped up the bank.

Too much sugar will rot your teeth; too bad the producers did not find the right dentist to doctor this treacly waste of celluloid. E



PROOF OF LIFE

Dir. Taylor Hackford
Russell Crowe, Meg Ryan
Warner Bros.
BENJAMIN WRIGHT

Given its strong potential, *Proof of Life* demonstrates a keen sense for the ordinary. In this by-the-numbers actioner, the intriguing premise of guerrilla warfare and covert-operations set in the South American jungle demands to be a trifle more weighty than it appears. Director Taylor Hackford (*The Devil's Advocate*) has substituted a credible screenplay for tepid photography and some entirely laughable moments of supposedly "high drama."

Despite the tabloid tension surrounding the film's production, namely the goings-on between the film's stars, Russell Crowe and Meg Ryan, no amount of publicity or voyeuristic curiosity can save *Proof* from certain death. In an unusually weak performance, Ryan plays Alice Bowman, a flower-child devoted to her humanitarian husband, Peter (played with rare integrity by David Morse). Together they spend their time providing relief to third-world communities and battling the utterly evil corporate schemers whose oil pipeline serves as the fulcrum of the film's main story development. Caught in a roadblock, Peter is surrounded by a group of heavily armed Latin American missionaries. As their only means of financial support, the guerrillas rely on the ransom payments from their many kidnappings. Enter Russell Crowe as Terry, an urban cowboy with a charged physique and romantic accent (his own). He's an expert in hostage negotiations, or as Terry describes it, "K-and-R...Kidnap and rescue." His job is to get Peter back, alive and well. And if it's any indication of this film's reliance on tried-and-tested 80s action traits, you can be sure Terry gets him man.

In an attempt to deepen his cardboard characters, Hackford includes a subtle romance between Ryan and Crowe. But throughout it remains unclear whether or not it is indeed a romance or just some watery philandering.

The proof of Ryan's worthiness to be judged as one of Hollywood's more prominent actresses is certainly not evident in this picture. She lifts her static character from room to room, scene to scene, with as much flexibility and realism as a cabbage-patch doll. Hackford shoots her with a gentleness reminiscent of her more Buffy pictures, but the perfect hair and make-up wears thin on the believability factor, considering that Alice's life is in ruins and her husband could be dead.

Crowe, on the other hand, continues his streak of impressive and emotionally driven performances. The natural Aussie accent works to his advantage, as does his resolute charm and stylish wardrobe. But not even the iron man of *Gladiator* can be saved by awkward dialogue and pulse-deadening dramatics. C-



TIGERLAND

Dir. Joel Schumacher
Colin Farrell, Matthew Davis
20th Century Fox
RYAN JACOBSON

The atrocities and dehumanizing effects of war, especially the Vietnam war, have been given a face by various directors. After Francis Ford Coppola, Oliver Stone and Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam films, Joel Schumacher's *Tigerland* is a late addition to the cannon. As a result, I walked into this film with a real sense of irreverence and apathy. However, the film, despite this familiarity, manages to engender a certain affection from the viewer and the subtle, evocative story justifies another look at the Vietnam war.

Like the first half of Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*, *Tigerland* documents the experience of enlisted men in basic training. The protagonist of the film is rebellious Bozz, played by Australian Colin Farrell, who refuses to assimilate into his unit. His abstinent refusal to give up his individuality and humanity makes him a leader among his trainees. Bozz becomes particularly good at exploiting military legal loopholes to get his compatriots exempt from service. This infuriates his superior officers who, given his leadership, compassion for his men and intelligence, see him as an ideal military man.

As low key and character driven as *Batman & Robin* was over-the-top and opulent, *Tigerland* is an odd and promising choice for Schumacher. In a similar fashion as *The Last Detail*, the film is an episodic film that resists big cinematic moments in favour of small, quiet scenes that resonate with the viewer. For example, we never see the soldiers outside of training, with the only thing approaching battle is war games at a camp nicknamed "Tigerland". Schumacher further emphasizes this low key approach by shedding his big-budget instincts and using a handheld camera and shooting the film in a grainy documentary style similar to the Omaha Beach landing in *Saving Private Ryan*.

The lead character of Bozz is a familiar one with echoes of characters ranging from Paul Newman in *Cool Hand Luke* to Bill Murray in *Stripes*. However,

Colin Farrell, in his first major film, transcends the obvious and gives a raw and rounded performance. This is due, in part, to a *M*A*S*H*-style script by Ross Klaven and Michael McGruther which avoids stereotypical supporting characters and situational clichés.

That being said, the Vietnam war is a well worn subject and, despite its abundant virtues, *Tigerland* never quite escapes an overwhelming sense of redundancy. B



FINDING FORRESTER

Dir. Gus Van Sant
Sean Connery, Robert Brown
Columbia Pictures
MARK SELBY

It seems that when *Good Will Hunting* director Gus van Sant is not unnecessarily remaking classic films such as *Psycho* he is unnecessarily remaking his own films. Beginning with an unnecessary and out-of-place nod to self-reflexiveness (the production slate is seen in front of the image) and ending with a medley of the songs "Over the Rainbow" and "What a Wonderful World"—a recording that was used in the Anthony Hopkins/Brad Pitt feature *Meet Joe Black*—*Finding Forrester* adds nothing new to the cinematic landscape. Except, that is, for a co-star who could see his career build to, hopefully, better films.

Jamal Wallace, played with promise by newcomer Rob Brown, is a talented sixteen-year-old inner-city high school basketball player who hides his true genius behind a C average. After receiving exceptional test scores, an elite private school takes interest in Jamal, offering him a basketball scholarship. He reluctantly leaves his friends for the new school, where he befriends Claire (Anna Paquin), who acts as his personal guide. His new English teacher (F. Murray Abraham) is the antagonist, deeming him unworthy of the prestigious institution and trying as much as possible to hinder Jamal's abilities.

In a Salengeresque role Sean Connery plays William Forrester, an author who, at 23, wrote the great American novel, won the Pulitzer, and was seldom heard from again. He lives in a small, dark apartment that overlooks the playground basketball court where Jamal and his friends shoot hoops. Forrester spends a lot of time spying out his window with binoculars, which raises the curiosity in the boys, who convince Jamal to break into the his apartment and discover more about the old hermit. Jamal accidentally leaves his personal diary in the apartment, only to have it returned mysteriously with red-marker notes inside. As Forrester tutors Jamal in writing and Jamal tutors Forrester in life a tight bond is formed between the two.

Beyond a redundant story, the film's style leaves one perplexed and dizzy. The use of jump cuts in an otherwise traditionally filmed tale seems jarring, while the dizzying extreme close-ups of the basketball scenes make 'NYPD Blue' feel like a camused ride. However, the use of Technicolor nicely brings out the rich, orange hues in the film, lending a vivid, autumn feeling throughout.

First-time screenwriter Mike Rich (actually a radio disc jockey out of Oregon) seems to be a few years too late with this half-effort, which suffers from a high level of predictability. Despite this, *Finding Forrester* was still interesting to watch and provided a waiting world a great new set of Sean Connery one-liners. C+



DUDE, WHERE'S MY CAR?

Dir. Danny Leiner
Ashton Kutcher, Seann Ashton
20th Century Fox
GABE ELIAS

Dude, Where's My Car? is not worth the paper this review is printed on. I saw it twice just to make sure

Hunky Sean Ashton ("That 70's Show") sports a blazed on smile as he and his buddy try to piece together the wild events of last night. If you saw the trailer you pretty much know the film. After the only plot twist of intergalactic intrigue, this film settles into fairly predictable plotting where these righteous dudes (straight out of the tradition of Bill and Ted) must save their bachelorette girlfriends, avoid a transvestite stripper who they owe money to, find the continuum transfunctioner (whose mystery is only exceeded by its power), deck out a cult of geeks and save the universe from a bunch of hot chick aliens.

I laughed a shidload while watching this piece of drivel. Maybe it was the 'beer' there done that' feel this film evoked in me. I only wish that after a night of getting wasted on the town I end the most popular dude with the local strippers and get to make out with Kristy Swanson. Sweet this film was not Righteous maybe, but that kind of descripto went out of fashion with radical. This film definitely suffers from the lack of hip linge used by the youth of today. Call me a fogey but nomers like 'like', radical, awesome, and cowabunga have about twice as many combination and opportunities for hilarity than 'dude' and 'sweet'

CINSSU FREE FRIDAY FILMS

FAST, CHEAP AND OUT OF CONTROL (1997, USA)

DIR. ERROL MORRIS

TREKKIES (1997, USA)

DIR. ROGER NYGARD

AMERICAN MOVIE (1999, USA)

DIR. CHRIS SMITH

GRASS (1999, CANADA)

DIR. RON MANN

